



OLIVER CROMWELL.

Aug 1800

G. F. & G. Smith Sculp.



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OLIVER CROMWELL:

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY MR. GEORGE SMITH GREEN.

To which is Prefix'd an
EXTRACT or JOURNAL
OF THE
RISE and PROGRESS
OF
OLIVER CROMWELL.

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

M DCC LIL.

Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

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A N
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Of the RISE and PROGRESS of
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To the EDITOR.

SIR,

As it has been my Custom, in reading the Life of any eminent Person, to make an Extract of the same; I have here sent you, at your Request, what I thought worthy Notice in the History of that Extraordinary Man OLIVER CROMWELL: And it being collected from the most authentic Memoirs, you may venture, I think, upon the Publication, if such your Design; tho' in things of this kind little can be expected that is new.



CROMWELL's Family was originally of Glamorganshire in Wales, and named Williams; one of which marrying a Sister of Cromwell, Vicar-general in the Reign of Henry VIII. assumed the Name of Cromwell, and transmitted it to his Post-
erity. Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntington, April 25, 1599. His Father was Mr. Robert Cromwell second Son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and Brother of

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of Sir Oliver; who at his House at Hincbinbrook most magnificently entertain'd King James I. at his Accession to the English Throne. It was in his Power so to do, for he had a large Estate. But our Oliver's Father being a younger Brother had not above 300*l. per Annum*, yet being willing to the extent of his small Fortune to give his Son a good Education, he enter'd him a Student in Sidney-College, Cambridge: where it was observ'd that Oliver was not so much inclined to Speculation, as to Action. But, his Father dying, he return'd home, and led an extravagant kind of Life; so that his Mother was advis'd to send him up to Lincoln's-Inn, where he betook himself to the Study of the Law: But, not liking a sedentary Employment, he soon return'd home, and follow'd his former Courses, to the wasting great part of his paternal Estate. But upon serious Contemplation he became greatly reform'd; and grew sober and religious; and having an Estate of 4 or 500*l. per Annum* left him, by Sir Robert Steward, his Uncle, by his Mother's side, he married Elizabeth, Daughter of Sir James Boucher. He adhered for some time to the Church of England, very devoutly attending the public Service. But, at length, falling into the hands of some Puritans, he became a zealous Friend to that Party.

In 1628, he was chosen one of the Committee of Religion, in the third Parliament of King Charles I.

In 1637, he had a Design, with other Gentlemen, to remove to New England, and take Refuge there, from the strenuous Proceedings of Archbishop Laud against the Puritans; but was prevented by a royal Proclamation.

In 1638, the King, and some Lords, undertook the draining of the Fen-Lands of Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely; but were oppos'd by the Town of Cambridge, headed by Oliver Cromwell; for which Service the said Town elected him their Burgess, in 1640, to serve in that Parliament which was afterwards call'd *The Long Parliament*.

In this Parliament, he soon shew'd himself a zealous and forward Opposer of what were thought Grievances in Religion: And, 'tis said, one time, when Sir Thomas Chicheley and Mr. Warwick were talking with him in

the

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the House, about the affairs of Religion, he said, *I can tell you, Sirs, what I wou'd not have, tho' I cannot tell what I wou'd have.*

In 1641, he was a great Promoter of the Commons grand *Remonstrance* of all the Grievances in the Nation, from the King's Acceffion to that Time. This *Remonstrance* was carry'd in the House by nine Voices only. And when the House broke up, Mr. *Cromwell* told Lord Falkland, That if the *Remonstrance* had not pass'd, he wou'd have sold all he had the next Morning, and never have seen England more.

In 1642, the civil War breaks out, occasioned by evil Counsels on one hand, and continual Jealousies and Fears on the other; and *Oliver Cromwell* was commission'd, by the Parliament, to be Captain of a Troop of Horse, which he speedily rais'd in his own Country. His Stratagem, to try their Courage, was this: Upon their first Muster near some of the King's Garrison, he privily plac'd twelve of them in an Ambuscade, who, with a Trumpet sounding a Charge, made furiously towards the Body, of which, above twenty, presently fled for Fear. These he immediately cashier'd, and mounted their Horses with such as were bold and courageous.

He then secur'd the University of *Cambridge* for the Parliament, when a great quantity of Plate was just upon the point of being convey'd to the King at *Oxford*. And so active and industrious was he, that when Sir *Thomas Connesby*, High-Sheriff of *Hertfordshire*, was going to proclaim the Earl of *Essex* (the Parliament's General) and all his Adherents, Traitors, at *St. Albans*, on a Market-Day, he rush'd, unawares, into the Town with a Party of Horse, surpris'd the Sheriff and his Affistants, and sent them Prisoners to *London*, to the no small Satisfaction of the Parliament, who gave him the Thanks of the House*.

In

* Yet *Denzil Lord Hollis* (Mem. p. 17.) tells a remarkable Story of him from his own Knowledge: which shew'd him, *then at least*, (as he observes) " No less a Coward, than perfidious, ambitious, and hypo-
" critical. This was his base keeping out of the Field at *Keinton* or
" *Edge-Hill* Fight, October 23. where he with his Troop of Horse

In the Year 1643 he was advanced to the degree of a Colonel ; and, by his own Management, rais'd a Regiment of a thousand Horse ; with which he rang'd about, and, with great Industry, obstructed many Levies for the King in *Cambridgeshire, Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk* : And, particularly, he defeated the Project of a Counter-Affiliation, for the King's Service, contriv'd by Sir *John Pettus, Edward Barker*, and other Gentlemen, at the Town of *Leftoff* (or *Lowers-Toff*) in *Suffolk*.

He was now made Lieutenant-General to the Earl of *Manchester*, and having rais'd a great Force of such as freely came in to him, he march'd towards *Lincolnshire* ; with a Resolution to assist the Forces about *Newark*. And here he rescu'd Captain *Wray's* Troop, taken by the *Newarkers*, and took three of theirs, with a great Slaughter ; and soon after, meeting with twenty-four Troops of the King's Horse and Dragoons, near *Grantham*, he encounter'd them with such Fury and Resolution, that tho' he had but seven Troops with him, he entirely routed them. And this, it is observ'd, was the beginning of *Cromwell's* great Fortunes.

He then goes to the Relief of *Gainsborough*, which Lord *Willoughby of Parham* held for the Parliament ; where he defeated a detachment of Horse, that were sent by the Earl of *Newcastle* to invest the Town ; he pursued them even in Sight of their main Body, not imagining them so near ; but not being in a Condition to face this Army, he retreated in good Order, and after throwing Supplies into *Gainsborough* he retired to a greater distance.

In 1644, Sir *John Henderson*, an old Soldier, understanding that *Cromwell* was drawn out towards him, made haste to engage him, before the Earl of *Manchester*, with the Foot, cou'd march up, as accordingly it happen'd, at a Place call'd *Wimbley-Fields* near *Horn-Castle*. In the first Shock *Cromwell's* Horse was kill'd, and fell upon

“ came not in ; impudently and ridiculously affirming, the Day after,
 “ that he had been all that Day seeking the Army and Place of Fight,
 “ tho' his Quarters were but at a Village near hand ; whence he could
 “ not find his Way, nor be directed by his Ear, when the Ordnance
 “ was heard twenty or thirty Miles off.”

him,

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him, and as he rose, he was again knock'd down by the Gentleman that charg'd him, supposed to be Sir *Ingram Hopton*, tho' others say Captain *Portington*: However, with difficulty, he got remounted upon a poor Horse, in a Soldier's Hand, and charged his Enemy with great Resolution. The Encounter was very sharp, but lasted not an Hour, before the Royalists were entirely routed by *Manchester's* Troops, about 1500 of them being kill'd; amongst whom was the Lord *Widdrington*, Sir *Ingram Hopton*, and other Persons of Quality.

After this, Prince *Rupert* having relieved the City of *York*, determin'd, contrary to the Advice of those that were with him, to march after the Enemy; and finding them on June 2, at *Marston-Moor*, forced them to a Battle, wherein he so totally routed the three Parliament Generals, *Leven*, *Fairfax* and *Manchester*, that they quitted the Field, and fled towards *Cawood-Castle*. But the Prince pursuing the Enemy too far, lost the Day, being charg'd and entirely routed by the Reserves of *Cromwell's* Brigade, which, says my Author, from their impenetrable Strength gain'd him the Name of *Iron-sides**.

The Lord General *Essex* and the *Scotish* Commissioners, began now to grow jealous of *Cromwell's* aspiring Temper, and enterprising Genius. They send, therefore, to Serjeant *Maynard* and *Whitelock*, to consult about getting rid of him. Mr. *Hollis*, Sir *Philip Stapylton*, and some others, gave an account of some particular Passages and Words of *Cromwell's*, and said, that he had not that Interest in Parliament as was supposed, and they wou'd willingly have been upon the Accusation of him; but the *Scotish* Commissioners were not so ready to join with them in it, and so the Lieutenant-General escap'd.

About four Months after the Fight at *Marston-Moor*, happen'd the second Battle at *Newberry*, where *Cromwell* is said to have endanger'd the King's Person, had not

* But Lord *Hollis* (Mem. p. 15.) affirms, that *Oliver* himself behaved in this Battle in a very cowardly Manner, and that those who did most Service were Major-General *Lesley*, *Crawford*, and Sir *Thomas Fairfax*.

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the Earl of *Cleveland* interposed, and bore off the Pursuit. This Battle was the Occasion of an irreconcileable Breach between him and the Earl of *Manchester*; and the Parties on both Sides appear'd against each other, to the dividing of the City, as well as the Parliament.

Cromwell publicly charged the Earl of *Manchester* with not having done his Duty at *Newberry-Fight* and *Dennington-Castle*; insinuating, he was afraid of putting a too speedy end to the War. The Earl answer'd by a Memorial which he laid before the House; and *Cromwell* thought not fit to prosecute his Accusation; which properly was no other than a Preparative towards the Execution of a deeper Project.

This Project was, to exclude all the Members of Parliament from enjoying any Office or Command, Military or Civil, and accordingly a Committee was appointed to prepare an Ordinance for this purpose; which after long Debate in the End pass'd, and was call'd, *The Self-denying Ordinance*.

The Earls of *Essex*, *Manchester*, *Denbigh*, *Warwick*, Lord *Grey*, Sir *William Waller*, Major General *Massey*, and others, were removed from their Commands in the Army by this Ordinance, but to sweeten the Earl of *Essex*, as *Whitelock* expresses it, "an Order was made "for the better Payment of 10000 per Annum, formerly "granted him out of Delinquents Estates." And such was the Opinion of the Committee at *Westminster*, of *Cromwell's* rare Talent for War, that when they had sent Orders to General *Fairfax* to detach a Party of Horse, to lie between *Oxford* and *Worcester*, for the intercepting the Correspondence between the King and Prince *Rupert*; notwithstanding the *Ordinance*, they particularly recommended Lieutenant General *Cromwell* for that Service; who, with a good Party of Horse Dragoons, defeated a Brigade of the King's Horse at *Ifflip-Bridge*, and pursued the routed Remnant to *Bletchington-House*; where Secretary *Windebank's* Son held a Garrison for the King. *Cromwell* magisterially summon'd him, and he immediately surrender'd; which Cowardise so incensed the King, that he had him condemn'd by a Council of War, and shot
soft

shot to Death. About the same time *Cromwell* forced Sir William Vaughan and Lieutenant Colonel Littleton into Bampton-Bush, where he took them both, and 200 of their Men Prisoners; but is repulsed at *Farringdon-House* by Sir George Lisle, who took fifty of his Men; and, in his Retreat, he was attack'd by a Party of *Goring's Horse*, who got from him three Colours, and took Major Betbel Prisoner.

Fairfax now wrote to the Parliament that they would dispense with *Cromwell's* Absence from the House, which was readily granted. And thus *Cromwell*, who had been one of the most forward to pass the aforesaid *Ordinance*, was the only Person, who held both his Seat in Parliament and Command in the Army. And this, (says *Rapin*) would have been an honourable Distinction for Him, was there not room to suspect, it was owing to his own Intrigues.

Through the Eagerness of Prince *Rupert*, and the Treachery of a Messenger, who pretended to serve the King, but delivered the Dispatches, intrusted with him by General *Goring* for the King, to *Fairfax*; in a Council of War on the King's Side, it was resolved, to give the Enemy Battle; tho' their Forces according to Lord *Clarendon's* Computation were in all but 7500 Men. All things being disposed for Action, on June 14, 1645, near *Naseby* at ten in the Morning, the Battle began, with more than civil Rage. Prince *Rupert* gave the first Charge, and engaged the Parliament's left Wing with great Resolution. *Ireton* made gallant Resistance, but was forced to give ground; his Horse being shot under him, and himself run thro' the Thigh with a Pike, and into the Face with a Halbert, and taken Prisoner, till, upon the Turn of the Battle, he regain'd his Liberty. The Prince chased the Enemy almost to *Naseby* Town; but here, as in the Battle of *Marston-Moor*, his long Stay from the main Body was no small Prejudice to the King's Army; for *Cromwell*, in the mean time, charged in Flank the King's Infantry, who could not stand so vigorous a Shock. *Fairfax* and *Skippon* took Advantage of this Assistance to rally their Troops, who had been roughly handled

handled at the beginning of the Battle, and at the last the King's Foot was so routed, that there was no Possibility of rallying them. However the King upon the return of Prince *Rupert* with his victorious Cavalry, used his utmost Endeavours to persuade them to charge the Enemy once more, but he could not prevail. And the Earl of *Carnwath* observing his Majesty, notwithstanding the unwillingness of his own Troops, still bent on charging the Enemies, rode up to him and said, "Sir, " will you go upon your Death in an Instant? And, " withal, laying hold on the King's Bridle turn'd his " Horse to the right." The King's Cavalry seeing his Majesty's Horse turn'd, without knowing the Cause, rode off upon the Spur, nor ever look'd behind: So that the King was likewise obliged to retire, and leave his Enemies Masters of the Field. *Whitelock* says, that on the Parliament's Side were wounded and slain above a thousand, Officers and common Soldiers, but the King's Loss, in this Battle, was irreparable; for besides that there were slain above 150 Officers, and Gentlemen of Quality, most of his Foot were taken Prisoners, with all his Canon and Baggage, 8000 Arms, and other rich Booty; among which was also his Majesty's own Cabinet, where were reposed his Majesty's most secret Papers and Letters; of which all that would serve their turn, the Parliament were so cruel as to print and publish; particularly his Letters concerning the *Uxbridge Treaty*: and from this Advantage, the Parliament's Army, like a Torrent, soon overflow'd the Kingdom, bearing down all before them.

Bristol was a Place of great Importance; which Prince *Rupert*, with about 5000 Horse and Foot, held for the King. The General being come before it, (*August 22*) summon'd Prince *Rupert* to deliver up the Town; but, upon his Refusal, it was advised by *Cromwell* to take it by Storm; which, accordingly, was executed with so much Fury, that the Prince thought not fit to run the hazard of a second Assault, but immediately surrender'd to the Parliament's General, whereby the King lost all his chief Magazines and warlike Provisions; and consequently, in a short time, *South-Wales*, and all the *West* of

of England. Fairfax and Cromwell sent Letters to the Parliament, relating to the Particulars of this Siege: And, in Cromwell's, there was this Passage, " It may be thought that some Praises are due to those gallant Men, of whose Valour so much mention is made: their humble Suit to you, and all that have an Interest in this Blessing, is, that in remembrance of God's Praises, they may be forgotten. It is their Joy, that they are Instruments to God's Glory, and their Country's good: It is their Honour, that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employ'd in this Service know, that Faith and Prayers obtain'd this City for you."

Sept. 21. Cromwell marches with a Brigade of four Regiments to the strong Castle of the Devizes: The Governor made a Shew of defending himself, but however capitulated on the morrow. Cromwell with his accustom'd Promptness then hastens to Winchester, and, in his March, disarms and disperses the Club-Men of Hampshire. He reduces Winchester, and then advancing to Basing a Seat of the Marquis of Winchester, (who declar'd that had the King no more ground in England than Basing House, he would hold it out to the last Extremity) he took it by Storm. After that he attack'd Langford-House, near Salisbury, which surrendered upon Articles: and then marching Westward, he fought the Brigade, commanded by the Lord Wentworth, and took 400 Horse, and about 100 Foot Prisoners; with six Standards, one of which was the King's.

Fairfax and Cromwell next appear'd before Dartmouth, and took it by Storm; which being done, they encounter'd the Lord Hopton at Torrington, and gave him an absolute Defeat. Soon after which, Exeter was surrendered to the Parliament.

The Parliament Army, flush'd with so great Success, was now marching to besiege Oxford, the King's Head Quarters, and Place of his Residence. But before the Siege could be form'd the King escaped from thence, on the 27th of April, 1646, and flung himself into the Hands of the Scotch Army then lying before Newark. And Oxford, being close block'd up, surrendered on the

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22d of June; as did the few remaining Garrisons, soon after; viz. Worcester, Wallingford, Pendennis-Castle, and Ragland-Castle. But the Scots, upon receiving 200000 Pounds, deliver'd, or rather sold, the King, (which, says Rapin, I will neither affirm, nor deny;) after he had been with them nine Months, to the Parliament's Commissioners; who conducted him to Holmby-House in Northamptonshire.

The Victors now (as usual) began to quarrel among themselves, and high Contests arose between the Independent and Presbyterian Parties, the one not enduring any Superior, nor the other any Equal. Cromwell, a Man (says Rapin) of uncommon Resolution, Capacity, and profound Dissimulation, was then at the head of the Independents, tho' he still affected passing for a stanch Presbyterian; yet not so covertly, as to prevent the Parliament's being jealous of Him; who were thereupon now taking Measures to dismiss him, and his chief Partizans, from their military Posts. Cromwell having timely Notice of this Resolution, he, together with Ireton, insinuated to the Soldiers, that the Parliament intended to disband them without paying their Arrears; or else to send them into Ireland to die of Sickness and Famine. And there being many Officers in the Army, who before the Wars, had been only mean Plebeians and Mechanics, they were ready for any Undertaking to avoid returning to their pristine Occupations, and the being mixed as before with the Populace: They broke out therefore into reviling Language against the Parliament, and resolved, they would not be divided, or disbanded. They demanded likewise, that, as the whole Army was concern'd, they might discuss this Affair in a Committee chosen by themselves, out of every Company and Troop; which being granted, the Soldiers chose two out of every Company, who were styled *Agitators*, (rather Adjutators, a Sort of Parliament in opposition to the two Houses) to debate upon the Matters, which were to be brought before the Council of Officers, called *The Council of War*. But among the *Agitators*, few or none were above the Degree of Ensign. The Parliament were much offended

at this Behaviour of the Army, but the Prudence and Moderation of Major General *Skippon*, in reporting the Matter to the House, much abated the Heat of their Resentment; tho' several threatening Expressions came from some of them, which occasion'd *Cromwell* to whisper *Ludlow* in the Ear, saying, *These Men will never leave, till the Army pull them out by the Ears.* But thinking it necessary to keep as fair as possible with the Parliament, and having an excellent Knack at Dissimulation, he seem'd highly displeased at the Insolence of the Soldiers, and inveigh'd bitterly against their Presumption; saying, *That for his own part, by the Artifice of his Enemies, and of those who desired that the Nation should be again embru'd in Blood, he was render'd so obnoxious to the Army, that they had design'd to kill him, if he had not timely escaped their Hands.* But notwithstanding this, he was greatly suspected by many, of having underhand encouraged the Army's Proceedings: And the most active Officers and Agitators, were believed to be his own Creatures; who would do nothing without his Direction: So that it was privately resolved, by the chief Members of the *House of Commons*, that when he came the next Day to the House, they would send him to the Tower.

But *Cromwell*, who seldom or never fail'd in getting good Intelligence, instead of going to the House, hasten'd to the Army, from whence he sent to the *House of Commons* a Letter, to acquaint them, that *having the Night before, received a Letter from some Officers of his own Regiment, that the Jealousy the Troops had conceived of him was much abated; so that they believed, if he would forthwith come down to them, they would all by his Advice be soon reclaim'd; upon this he had made all the haste he could; and did find, that the Soldiers had been much abused by his Information, &c.*

Sir *Harbottle Grimstone*, about this time, (as we are inform'd by Bishop *Burnet*, p. 45.) accused *Cromwell* to the House, of a Design to put a Force upon them; and having his Witnesses at the Door, requested they might be examin'd; accordingly they were examin'd, and withdrew: When *Cromwell* falling down on his Knees, made

a solemn Prayer to God, attesting his Innocence and Zeal for the Interest of the House. This he did, with great Vehemence, and many Tears, and then made so long a Speech, that he tir'd the House, and wrought so much on his Party, that what the Officers and Witnesses had said, was so little credited, that Sir *Harbottle* believ'd, if it had been mov'd, both he and they had been sent to the Tower.

At another time, (Mr. *Locke* tells us, in his Memoirs of Sir *Anthony Ashley-Cowper*, first Earl of *Sbaftsbury*,) when Mr. *Hollis* mov'd in the House, that *Cromwell*, and those guilty with him, shou'd be punish'd; *Cromwell*, being then in the House, no sooner heard this, but he stole out, took Horse, and posted to the Army; where he inform'd them of what the Presbyterian Party were doing in the House; and made such use of it to them, that they now united together under him; who, forthwith, march'd to *London*, and, as they call'd it, purg'd the House, turning out the Presbyterians; and Mr. *Hollis* and his Party, with *Stapylton* and some others, were oblig'd to fly: whereby the Independent Party became the stronger.

In 1647, the King was taken from *Holmby*, and carry'd to the Army, by Cornet *Joyce*, one of the *Agitators*, who from a Taylor, before the War, was become a Commission-Officer, and had signalized himself by his Bravery; who, when he was told that the General was displeas'd at him, said that Lieutenant-General *Cromwell* had given him Orders at *London*, to do all that he had done. And indeed *Fairfax* (as my Author says,) had now resign'd himself to *Cromwell*, who led and govern'd him as he pleas'd.

Cromwell's great Design now was to hinder any Conjunction between the King and the Presbyterians; he therefore conducted him to *Hampton-Court*; where he permitted his Chaplains to attend him, and often visited him himself; and in Conference, is said, particularly to have promis'd him, that if he, and his Party, wou'd sit still, and neither act, nor declare against the Army, they wou'd restore him, and make him the most glorious Prince in Christendom. Tho' we are told, that in private, among his Friends,

he

he boasted, *That now he had got the King into his Hands, he had the Parliament in his Pocket.*

The Army in general, as well as *Cromwell*, appear'd at this time to be very zealous for the King's Interest; and yet they seem'd somewhat to suspect the reality of one another's Intentions. And *Cromwell* himself told Sir John Berkley, that *he doubted the Army wou'd not persist in their good Intentions towards the King*; and likewise, that *he had seen the tenderest Sight that ever Eyes beheld*, which was the Interview between the King and his Children; that *he (Cromwell) did weep plentifully at the remembrance thereof*, saying; *that never was man so abus'd as he, in his sinister Opinion of the King, who, he thought, was the most upright and conscientious of his Kingdom.*

About this time several Members, and the Speakers of both Houses, being apprehensive of danger from the City, repair'd to the Army, complaining of some Violences upon the Parliament: whereupon *Cromwell* march'd to *Westminster*, and plac'd the Guards in the Court, in the Hall, and even at the Doors of the two Houses, while General *Fairfax* conducted the several Members, who had fled to the Army, to their Seats in Parliament. And two Days after, the Army march'd, as it were in triumph, thro' the City; *Cromwell* leading the Rear-Guard, and all his Soldiers having Laurel-Boughs in their Hats. After this pompous March, the Army was distributed into Quarters in *Kent, Surrey and Essex*, thus surrounding the City.

The City being quieted, and the Parliament and Army seemingly reconcil'd, there now arose Differences in the Army itself. The *Agitators*, no longer inclin'd to an Agreement with the King, were very much disturb'd at some of the great Officers, who were still for promoting such Agreement. *Cromwell* was very uneasy at this, and inform'd the King's Party of it; telling Sir John Berkley, and Mr. *Ashburnham*, that *if he were an honest Man, he had said enough of the Sincerity of his Intentions; and if he were not, nothing was enough*; and therefore he conjur'd them, as they tender'd the King's Service, *not to come so frequently to his Quarters, but to send privately to him; the Suspicion of him being grown so great, he was afraid to lie in them*

himself. Thus the *Agitators*, who were suppos'd to be set up by *Cromwell* to oppose the Presbyterian's Design of disbanding them, began to be very troublesome to him; and were, at length, so set against him, that he was forc'd, for his own Safety, to make his Peace with them, by abandoning the King's Interest. But finding that the *Agitators* were resolv'd to seize upon the Person of the King, he acquainted him with the Danger he was in, and still assuring him of his real Service, protested to him, that it was not in his Power to undertake for his Security in that Place where he now resided. Hereupon the King makes his Escape from *Hampton-Court*, and goes to the *Isle of Wight*; being, very probably, (as *Ludlow* observes,) recommended thither by *Cromwell*, who, as well as the King, had a good Opinion of the Governor, Colonel *Hammond*, Son-in-law to *John Hampden*, and by him recommended to that Government.

The Parliament being inform'd of the King's withdrawing himself from *Hampton-Court*, was in a terrible Consternation: But within two Days their Fears were all remov'd by *Cromwell's* informing the House, that he had receiv'd Letters from Colonel *Hammond*, of the King's coming to the *Isle of Wight*, and that he remain'd there in *Carisbrook Castle*, till the Parliament's Pleasure shou'd be known: And he, at the same time, assur'd them, that Colonel *Hammond* was so honest a Man, and so much devoted to their Service, that they need not fear his being corrupted by any body. And all this Relation he made, (says my Lord *Clarendon*,) with so unusual a Gaiety, that all Men concluded, that his Majesty was where *Cromwell* desir'd he shou'd be.

The *Agitators* however grew still bolder, and were resolv'd to accomplish their Designs; and gaining over many to their Party were now called *Levellers*; a set of Men, (says *Rapin*) who declar'd that all degrees of Men should be levell'd, and a perfect Equality establish'd both in Titles and Estates throughout the Kingdom. These therefore, to distinguish themselves at a general Rendezvous, appear'd, every one, with a Paper in his Hat, with these Words written upon it, *The Rights of England, and the Consent*

of the People. But *Cromwell* resolving to suppress this Licence, with a wonderful Briskness and Vivacity, at the Hazard of his Life, rode up to one of the Regiments, which wore the distinguishing Marks, and commanded them to take them out of their Hats; which they refusing to do, he caus'd several of them to be seiz'd, struck two or three of them on the Head with his own Hand, and order'd one of them, whom he had seiz'd, to be shot dead upon the Place; and deliver'd the rest into the Hands of the Marshal; and having dispers'd the Army to their Quarters, wrote an Account of his Proceedings to the Parliament; who being very desirous to have this Spirit quell'd in the Army, return'd him the Thanks of the House. But *Cromwell* finding, afterwards, that two thirds of the Army were of this Party, he employ'd all his Endeavours to make Peace with them, pretending, as he knew well enough how to do on such Occasions, that *the Glory of the World had so dazzl'd his Eyes, that he could not discern clearly the great Works that the Lord was doing.* He also sent comfortable Messages to the Prisoners he had seiz'd at the late Rendezvous, assuring them that nothing shou'd be done to their Prejudice: And by these, and the like Arts, he perfected his Reconciliation with the levelling Party. And when Sir John Berkley sent Colonel Cook to *Cromwell*, to acquaint him that he had Letters and Instructions to him from the King, *Cromwell* return'd him Answer, that he durst not see him, it being very dangerous to them both; assuring him that he wou'd serve the King, as long as he could do it, without his own Ruin; but desir'd it might not be expected that he shou'd perish for his Sake.

Agreeable to this the Author of the Memoirs of Lord Broghill informs us, that in a Discourse with *Cromwell* and Ireton, *Cromwell* inform'd Lord Broghill, that if he (the King) had follow'd his own Mind, and had bad trusty Servants about him, he had fool'd them all. Adding, that once we had an Inclination to have come to Terms with him; but whilst we were busied with these Thoughts there came a Letter to us from one of our Spies, who was of the King's Bed-Chamber, acquainting us, that our final Doom was decree'd that Day. What it was he could not tell, but that a

Letter

An Extract of the Rise and

Letter was gone to the Queen with the Contents of it ; which Letter was sew'd up in the Skirts of a Saddle, &c. The Saddle, says he, we got, and found the Letter as directed, wherein the King acquainted the Queen, that he was now courted by both the Factions ; the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Army ; but which of them bid fairest for him, shou'd have him ; and that he thought he shou'd sooner close with the Scots. Upon which we hasten to Windsor, and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable Terms from the King, we immediately resolv'd to ruin him. And Dr. Webwood in his Memoirs says, concerning this Matter,

“ As every thing did contribute to the Fall of King Charles, so did every thing contribute to the Rise of Cromwell ; and as there was no design at first against the King’s Life, so it is probable that Cromwell had no thought for a long time, of ever arriving at what he afterwards was. It is known he was once in Treaty with the King, but the Secret getting vent by the Indiscretion of some about the King, push'd Cromwell on to prevent his own, by the Ruin of the King.” Be this as it will, it is certain, (says my Lord Clarendon,) that a few Days after the King’s Departure from Hampton-Court, there was a Meeting of the General Officers of the Army at Windsor, where Cromwell and Ireton were present, to consider what shou’d now be done with the King ; and it was resolv’d he shou’d be prosecuted for his Life as a criminal Person.

And now the Parliament and the Army were both united against the King. But notwithstanding this Conjunction, they cou’d not enjoy their Power and Authority without great Disturbances and Opposition : and Tumults, Insurrections still every where increasing, brought on a second civil War : when Fairfax was order’d into Kent, Lambert into the North, and Cromwell into Wales.

But Cromwell dispatch’d Colonel Horton before him, who with 3000 Horse, Foot and Dragoons, defeated Laughorn’s Army. Upon this Cromwell hastens to join him, and in his way besieg’d and took Chepstow, on May 25, 1648. And now arriving in Pembroke-shire, he took Tenby by storm ; but meeting with stout Resistance at Pembroke from Lieutenant-General Laughorn, Colonel

Poyer,

Poyer, and Colonel Powel, he starv'd them to a Surrender on July 11. Laughton, Powel, and Poyer, had faithfully serv'd the Parliament during the War, but by the new Establishment were disbanded; and being disgusted at this, and hearing that the Scotch Army was entering England, they declared for King Charles, and rais'd an Army of about 8000 Men; which not succeeding they were taken Prisoners and order'd to draw Lots for their Lives; when the fatal Lot fell upon Poyer, and he was shot to Death in Covent-Garden.

About this time the Scots invaded England with a numerous Army commanded by Duke Hamilton; whereupon they are declar'd to be Enemies, and Cromwell is order'd to meet and fight them accordingly. After the Reduction of Wales, Cromwell march'd towards the North with all his Power, and having join'd Lambert, both Armies met on the 17th of August, near Preston in Lancashire. The English, in the Scotch Army, had the Honour of the Van, and fought desperately as Cromwell himself acknowledg'd, but were at last so vigorously press'd upon, that they were forc'd to retreat to a Pass which they endeavour'd to maintain whilst they sent to the Duke for Succour; but seeing none come, they began to shift for themselves. And the Scots hereby dishearten'd, retreated likewise in a disorderly Manner, but were so closely pursu'd by Cromwell that many of the Foot threw down their Arms and yielded themselves Prisoners, and many were slain. Duke Hamilton flying from one Place to another, was at last drove to Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, where he was taken Prisoner and sent to Windsor-Castle. Cromwell having thus defeated the Scots under Duke Hamilton, resolv'd to prosecute the Advantage by marching with all possible Speed against Monroe, who was come into England as a Reserve to the Duke. But having Notice given him that Cromwell was advancing towards him, and not thinking he should be able to stand before him, who had but just before defeated an Army so much exceeding his own, he hasten'd back into Scotland. But Cromwell follow'd him, and with his victorious Army continuing his March towards Scotland, in his way reduced Carlisle and Berwick to their former Obedience; both being deliver'd

deliver'd up to him upon Composition. He then marches directly to *Edinburgh*, where he is magnificently receiv'd by the Marquis of *Argyle* and many other of the *Scotch* Nobility. And thus (says my Author) the *Scotch* Presbyterians, who lately look'd upon the Independent Party as the worst of their Enemies, now own'd and embrac'd this Sectarian Army (as they before call'd it) as their best Friends and Deliverers. And here we may observe (with *Rapin*) that the Presbyterians had been superior from the beginning of Hostilities to *August 6, 1647*. The Independents prevail'd from that Day till near the close of the Year 1648, when the Army was forced to remove from *London*: after which, the Presbyterians were again Masters; and on *December 6*, this same Year, the Independents utterly expell'd the Presbyterians, or at least disabled them from supporting their Party. *Cromwell* arrived at *London* the Night before, and lay in one of the King's best Beds at *Whitehall*: He sat in the House that Day, and received Thanks for his signal Services.

The King being now remov'd (by Order of *Cromwell*, as it was supposed) from the *Isle of Wight* to *Hurst-Castle* in *Hampshire*; several Petitions were offer'd to the Parliament against him; and to the same purpose *Ireton*'s Regiment and others had petition'd the General; which, as *Whitelock* observes, was the beginning of the Design against the King's Person. Hereupon it was moved in the House to proceed capitally against him: when *Cromwell* stood up and declar'd, that if any Man mov'd this upon Design, he shou'd think him the greatest Traitor in the World, but since Providence and Necessity had cast them upon it, he wou'd pray to God to bless their Counsels, tho' he was not prepar'd at present to give them Advice.

Soon after the Committee of the Commons, which had been appointed to draw up a Charge against the King, reported an Ordinance for impeaching *Charles Stuart, King of England, of High Treason*; and for trying him by Commissioners to be nominated in the said Ordinance; which being agreed to by the Commons, was on *January 2* carry'd up to the Lords, then about sixteen in all, for their Concurrence: But upon their rejecting it, the Commons

pals'd

pass'd these remarkable Votes: *First*, That the People, under God, are the Original of all just Power. *2dly*, That the Commons of England, being chosen by and representing the People, are the supreme Power of the Nation. *3dly*, That whatsoever is enacted, or declar'd for Law, by the House of Commons assembled in Parliament, has the Force of Law, tho' the Consent of the King and House of Peers be not had thereunto. Then they proceeded to constitute and erect a Court, to be call'd *The High Court of Justice*, which shou'd have Authority to try the King and examine Witnesses. The Number of Commissioners nominated were 135, whereof twenty, or more, had Power to proceed. They consisted promiscuously of Members of the House, Officers of the Army, Citizens, and Country Gentlemen. About fifty that were nam'd refus'd to act. Of which number were the Speaker *Lentbal* and General *Fairfax*: and Mr. *Elsinge* desired to be dismiss'd from being Clerk of the Parliament, because, says *Whitelocke* (Mem. p. 364.) of his own Knowledge, he wou'd have no hand in the Business of the King; he was a just and honest Man, and a most excellent Clerk. Of those who acted, *Cromwell* and *Ireton* were next the President. The Commissioners made choice of Serjeant *Bradshaw* for that Office; and nominated Mr. *Steel* to be Attorney-General; Mr. *Coke* Solicitor; Dr. *Dorislaus* and Mr. *Ask* to be Pleaders against the King; Serjeant *Dandy*, Serjeant at Arms; Mr. *Phelps* and Mr. *Broughton*, Clerks to the Court; and *Westminster-Hall* was appointed to be the Place of Trial. And here we shall drop the Curtain, only observing, with regard to *Cromwell*, that among the many Endeavours at this time to save the King, Colonel *John Cromwell*, a near Relation of the great *Oliver* came to him with credential Letters from the States of *Holland*, whereto was added a Blank, with the King's Signet, and another of the Prince's, both confirm'd by the States, for *Cromwell* to set down his own Conditions, if he wou'd now save his Majesty's Life. At this *Cromwell* paus'd a little, and then said, I desire you will give me till Night to consider of it; and do you go to your Inn, and not to Bed, till you hear from me. The Colonel did accordingly, and about One in the Morn-

ing, a Messenger came to tell him he might go to rest, and expect no other Answer to carry to the Prince; for the Council of Officers had been seeking God, as he also had done the same, and it was resolv'd by them all *that the King must die.* And tho' Bishop Burnet says, that Ireton was the Person that drove on the King's Trial and Death, and that Cromwell was all the while in suspence about it, yet we cannot but observe that Cromwell's Hand stood third in the Warrant for his Execution; and that Colonel Ingoldsby solemnly declared that Cromwell forcibly guided his Hand in signing the same. And indeed it is surmis'd that Cromwell himself gave the fatal Stroke, which I suppose arose from the different Opinions concerning this Affair. Captain Hewlett was condemn'd after the Restoration for cutting off the King's Head, or at least for being one of the Persons who stood mask'd upon the Scaffold, but was afterwards repriev'd. Lilly in his own Life writes, that in a Discourse with Robert Spavin, Cromwell's Secretary, the said Robert Spavin declar'd as follows: "Some say it was the common Hangman, others think Hugh Peters, others I know not who, that beheaded the King, but they are all mistaken; I can assure you it was Lieutenant-Colonel Joyce; I was in the Room when he fitted himself for the Work, stood behind him when he did it, and when done went in again with him. There's no Man knows this but my Master Cromwell, Commissary Ireton, and myself." There is likewise a solemn Confession extant (which I have seen) of Brandon's the common Hangman, said to be made on his Death-bed the Summer following, wherein he declares, That he was the Person who actually smote the Blow for a Reward of thirty Pounds; and that he was feiz'd with a trembling at the time of the Execution, which continu'd on him till that very Day of his Death.

Having seen the Actions of this wonderful Man Oliver Cromwell, during the Life of King Charles, let us now view him under the Commonwealth Government. The Parliament, for so the Remnant of the House of Commons, consisting of about eighty Members, call'd themselves, on February 5, voted the House of Peers *to be useless*

useless and dangerous; and an Act was accordingly pas'd for abolishing it, tho' *Cromwell* is said to appear for them. The Form of Government was declar'd to be a Commonwealth, and a Council of State was appointed, consisting of forty Persons, whereof *Cromwell* was one, wherein Power was given to command and settle the Militia of *England* and *Ireland*; to order the Fleet; to appoint Magazines and Stores, &c. *Bulstrode*, *Whitelocke*, *Richard Keble*, and *John Lisle* were appointed Commissioners of the new broad Seal: and all Writs formerly running in the King's Name were to be issu'd out in the Names of *The Keepers of the Liberty of England*: And a new Oath or Engagement was prepar'd, *To be true and faithful to the Government establish'd without King or House of Peers*: all who refus'd to take it, to be incapable of holding any Place or Office in Church or State.

Matters being now brought to some degree of Settlement, it was thought fit to abolish the Council of *Agitators*, which occasion'd fresh Disturbance in the Army; till *Cromwell*, by his Art and Courage, again suppress'd the *Levellers* in much the same manner as before.

After this the Lord-General *Fairfax* and Lieutenant-General *Cromwell* visited *Oxford*, (the University having sent a Deputation to invite them thither) where they were nobly treated and made Doctors of the Civil Law: then they visited *Plimouth*, from whence they return'd to *London* in triumph; and receiv'd new Marks of Honour from the Parliament, and Presents from the City.

On June 22, 1649, *Cromwell* had a pompous Commission given him in *Latin* and *English*, to command all Forces to be sent into *Ireland*, and to be Lord Governor both as to civil and military Affairs in that Kingdom for three Years. And from the very Minute of receiving this Charge, *Cromwell* us'd incredible Expedition in the raising of Money, providing of Shipping, and drawing the Forces together for this Enterprise.

On the 10th of July he left *London*, setting forward in great State, being drawn in a Coach and Six and attended by many Members of Parliament and Council of State; with the chief Officers of the Army, his Life-Guard con-

sisting of eighty Men, who had formerly been Commanders, bravely mounted and accoutred, both themselves and Servants. Thus was he conducted to *Brentford*; where the Gentlemen who escorted him took their leave; and he went directly to *Bristol* to take order for the Train of Artillery, and from thence into *Wales*; and, on the 13th of *August*, he set sail from *Milford Haven* with thirty two Ships, wherein was the Van of his Army. *Ireton* soon follow'd him with the main Body in forty two Vessels, and *Hugh Peters* with twenty Sail bringing up the rear. With a prosperous Wind they soon arrived at *Dublin*, and were received with all possible Demonstrations of Joy.

His first Action was against *Tredagh*; or *Drogheda*, a Town well fortified, with a Garrison in it of 2500 Foot and 300 Horse, the Flower of the Royal Army under the Command of Sir *Arthur Aston*, a brave experienced Soldier. But notwithstanding the most gallant Defence that could be made, *Cromwell* took it by Storm, and commanded his Men to put all they met with to the Sword; among whom fell the brave Sir *Arthur Aston*. This great Action was so surprising, that *O'Neal* at the hearing of it, swore an extravagant Oath, *That if Cromwell had taken Tredagh by Storm, if he shou'd storm Hell, he wou'd take it.*

The dismal Destruction of *Tredagh* render'd *Cromwell's* Name formidable to all other Places round about. And particularly, the Garrisons of *Trim* and *Dundalk*, fearing the like Usage, abandon'd them to the Conqueror.

On *October 1*, *Cromwell* with his Army came before *Wexford*, which after a desperate Fight he likewise took by Storm, and exercised the same Severity as at *Tredagh*; the Design of which was to discourage other Places from making Opposition, to which Purpose he wrote to the Parliament, that he believed this Severity would save much Effusion of Blood.

He then march'd with his Army towards *Ross*, a strong Town upon the Barrow; which he soon reduced: And *Kingsale*, *Cork*, *Youghall*, *Bandon-Bridge*, and other Garrisons voluntarily declared for the Conqueror; which

Garrisons

Garrisons proved of great Use to the Reducement of Munster, and consequently of all Ireland.

Cromwell having made himself master of Ross, caused a Bridge of Boats to be laid over the Barrow, and his Army to sit down before Duncannon; a strong Fort, commanded by Colonel Wogan; but this Place was so well provided with all Necessaries, that he judg'd it would be time lost to tarry long before it: So he immediately march'd with his Army to besiege Waterford: But finding that the City was resolved to stand upon their own Defence; and it being now December, and the Weather very wet, he thought it most adviseable to draw off his Army into Winter-Quarters.

About the end of January the Army took the Field again, and march'd away over the Blackwater, towards the Counties of Limerick and Tipperary, where several Places were deliver'd up to him; particularly Cloghern House, Roghill Castle, and Feathard, a Garrison Town, where the Forces having a little refresh'd themselves march'd to Callan, which they took by Storm, and march'd back again to Feathard; by the way taking the two Castles of Knocktover and Bullynard: After which soon follow'd Kiltennon, Arscannon, Cober and Dundrum, very considerable Places.

After the Massacre at Tredagh, and the treacherous giving up the Towns in Munster by the Officers under Lord Inchiquin, there broke out so implacable a Jealousy among the Irish against all the English, that no Orders of the Marquis of Ormond found any Obedience, nor could he draw an Army together.

Cromwell made such use of this Animosity, that he had now entirely subdued all Places of Importance, except Limerick, Waterford, Clonmell, Galloway, and Kilkenny; these were Places of great Strength, and would take up much time: However, he resolved to attempt the last. But in his way he reduced Gowran a populous Town, defended by a strong Castle, whereof one Hammond a Kentish Man was Governor; who, by the Sedition of the Soldiers, was enforc'd to deliver up the Town, and he, and all the Commission Officers were the

next

30 *An Extract of the Rise and*

next Day shot to Death; and the Priest, who was Chaplain to the Popish Soldiers in the Regiment was hang'd.

On the 22d Day of *March* 1650, he besieg'd *Kilkenny*; and took it in about a Week's time; and soon after, but with greater difficulty, he took *Clonmell* by Storm; and was now preparing to take *Waterford* and *Duncannon* which he had miss'd before; when, about the middle of *May*, he was by a second Order, or rather Request of the Parliament, obliged to leave the finishing of his so far extended Conquests to his Son-in-law *Ireton*, whom, for that purpose, he constituted Lord Deputy; and he himself embark'd directly for *England*; but before he left *Ireland*, he publish'd a Proclamation permitting all the *Irish* Officers to list in the Service of foreign Princes, as many Soldiers as they pleased of their own Nation, with a Promise not to give them the least Interruption; and Lord *Clarendon* observes, that *Cromwell* by this Expedient sent upwards of 40000 Men out of that Island; while *Ormond*, notwithstanding all the Promises, Obligations, and Contracts of the *Irish* with him, could not raise a Body of 5000. So that *Ireton*, whom *Cromwell* had left as his Lieutenant, had little to do in his Absence. *Cromwell* landed at *Bristol*; and, in a triumphant Manner hasten'd to *London*; but, as he was passing by *Tyburn*, a certain Flatterer pointing to the Crowds that came to meet him, and saying, *See, Sir, what a Multitude of People come to attend your Triumph*: he answer'd, with a Smile and very unconcern'd, *More would come to see me hang'd*.

Cromwell upon his arrival at *London* took his Seat in Parliament; where by Order of the House the Speaker thank'd him for his Services; and in about a Month's time he was employ'd in a new Expedition against the *Scots*: Who, upon the King's Death, had proclaim'd his Son, Prince *Charles*, King of *Scotland*, *England*, *France* and *Ireland*, and sent Commissioners to the *Hague*, to invite his Majesty into *Scotland*, where he accordingly landed on the 16th of *June*, after a Demand from the Council, that he would sign both the Covenants, before he sat his Feet upon the Shore. To which he was persuaded to consent.

While

While these Transactions were carrying on in *Scotland*, *Cromwell* advised the *Council of State*, not to be behind-hand with their Army, nor to trust to any after-game; but to prevent the *Scotch Invasion of England*, by carrying the War directly into *Scotland*. This was opposed by the Lord General *Fairfax*, who, as *Whitelock* affirms, being consulted, at first approved of this Motion; but afterwards, upon the hourly Solicitations of the Presbyterian Ministers, and his own Lady, a great Patroness of them, he declared, *it was against his Conscience*: and desired leave to lay down his Commission; which while *Cromwell* was dissuading him from, *Ludlow* says, that he [*Cromwell*] *acted his Part so to the Life, that I really thought him in earnest*. However *Fairfax* persisted in his Resolution, which being yielded to, and a Pension settled on him of *5000 per Annum*, an Act past, constituting and appointing *Oliver Cromwell*, Esquire, to be Captain General in chief, of all the Forces raised and to be raised by Authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of *England*.

Ireton dying of the Plague, Colonel *Ludlow* was dismiss'd to *Ireland* as Lieutenant-General of the Horse; and *Cromwell* on the 29th of *June*, advanced towards the Army in the *North*. At *Newcastle* he was gallantly entertain'd by the Governor, Sir *Arthur Hafferig*, and the next Day he kept a solemn Fast, to implore the Blessing of God upon the present Expedition. From thence he went to *Berwick*, and, on the 20th of *July* he caused a general Rendezvous on *Haggerstone-Moor*, where he was received by the Army with great Shouting and other Signs of Joy.

From hence they advanced to *Coberspath*, and the next Day arrived at *Dunbar*, where they were recruited with Provisions from the Ships sent thither from *England*, for the Country afforded them none, being quite destitute of Inhabitants. From thence they march'd without any the least Opposition to *Haddington*, twelve Miles from *Edinburgb*. The Day after the General drew up the whole Army before *Edinburgb*, near which the *Scotch Army* was encamp'd upon a very advantageous Ground. Some Skirmishes happen'd, in one of which on *August 26*, a

Scot

Scot fired a Carabine at *Cromwell*; whereupon *Cromwell* calling out said, *Had he been one of his Soldiers, he would have cashier'd him for firing at so great a distance.* But with all the Baits and Stratagems of War, he could not draw the Enemy from their Trenches, or bring them to an Engagement. So that the whole Month of *August* was spent in Conferences and Counter-marches, which seem'd tedious to a Man of *Cromwell's* Spirit: He therefore, for want of Forage and Provisions retreats again to *Dunbar*, designing to embark his Foot, and with only his Horse return into *England*. He was here in great Distress, for the *Scotch* Army followed at a convenient distance, being reinforced with the addition of three Regiments, and consisting now of about 27000 Men; whereas his own was in a very weak and sickly Condition being reduced to 12000; neither could he embark his Foot; without running the Risk of a Defeat, as the *Scotch* General *Lesley* was incamp'd upon an Hill about a Mile from *Dunbar*. *Lesley* did not care to leave this advantageous Situation to attack the *English*, but the Clamours of the Ministers in his Army, who promised an undoubted Victory, (and who as *Cromwell* inform'd the House by Letter in their Prayers said, *If God will not deliver them from the Sectaries, he shall not be their God,*) obliged him on *September 2d*, to draw nearer to the Enemy. When upon seeing them in Motion, *Cromwell* cried out to his Soldiers, *God is delivering them into our Hands, they are coming down upon us.* He forthwith went to Prayers, and then inform'd some of his Officers, *He had felt in praying such a Repose in his Mind, that he doubted not but God would grant him the Victory.* Perhaps, says *Rapin*, he believed this; and it might be only an Artifice to animate his Soldiers, who were most of them *Fanatics*. The Armies remain'd in Sight the rest of the Day, and at Night *Cromwell* call'd a Council of War, when it was resolved to fall upon the Enemy an Hour before break of Day. It was his frequent and ever successful Maxim, not to expect, but attack the Enemy, regardless of number, being convinced the Assailants always have a great Advantage.

The Night proving rainy and tempestuous, *Cromwell* took more than ordinary care of himself and his Army. He refresh'd his Men in the Town, and above all things secured his Matchlocks against the Weather; whilst his Enemy neglected theirs. In short, after about an hour's Dispute, the whole numerous Army of the *Scots* was totally routed. Two Regiments stood their Ground; and were almost all kill'd in their Ranks: 15000 Arms, all the Artillery and Ammunition, with above 200 Colours were taken; and all with the Loss of scarce 300 *English*. The two *Lefkeys* escaped to *Edinburgh*; which, upon the news of this Defeat, was immediately quitted by its Garrison, and *Leith* likewise resolved to admit the Conqueror. The General himself drew up a Narrative of this memorable Victory, and sent it to the *Council of State*, who order'd it to be read in all the Churches in *London* with solemn Thanksgiving.

On the *Sunday* after, *Cromwell* enter'd *Edinburgh*; and all the chief Magistrates, together with the Committees of Kirk and State, fled from thence to *Stirling*; where they endeavour'd to secure themselves as well as they could. He now summon'd the Governor of the Castle, Colonel *William Dundass*, to deliver it up to him: Which having no Effect, he undertook the reducing it by Force, and notwithstanding the Governor is said to have done his utmost, to answer the Expectations of those by whom he was intrusted with this important Charge, yet after a Siege of three Months, this, the most considerable stronghold in *Scotland*, thought impregnable by Situation and Art, was deliver'd up on the 24th of *December* to the victorious *Cromwell*. So unexpected a Thing indeed, made some say, that *Cromwell* took it only by Silver Bullets. But what appear'd most strange was, that the *Scotch* Army which lay not very far off during the whole Time, should never attempt the Relief of this most important Place.

On the first of *January* the King was crown'd at *Scone* by the *Marquis of Argyle*; and his Majesty set up his Standard at *Aberdeen*, to which great Numbers flock'd from all Parts, of Volunteers, and honorary Soldiers.

Cromwell observing these Proceedings, was very little concern'd at them. However, to make sure Work, he endeavour'd to possess himself of all those Garrisons of the *Scotcb*, which were on the South-side of the *Firth*; but being seiz'd with a violent Fit of Sicknes, he was not able to stir abroad before the 24th of *June* following, when he march'd with his Army to *Lithgow*; where from the Battlements of the Castle, they could discern the Tents of the *Scotcb* Army which lay encamp'd at *Torwood* near *Stirling*. But they refused to engage; and the General could not attack them without the greatest Hazard. This so provok'd him, that he resolv'd to fall upon Part of the Forces that defended *Calendar-House*, which he took possession of, after a brave Resistance of about eight hours; having slain the Governor with sixty two of his Men: The *Scotcb* Army looking on the while, without sending a Man to the Relief of their Friends.

The General finding that he could by no means provoke the *Scotcb* to a Battle, resolved to bid fair for *Fife*, that thereby he might cut off those Supplies from them, which enabled them to prolong the War: Pursuant to this Resolution he detach'd 1600 Men under Colonel *Overton*, who march'd towards *Edinburgh* to a Place provided with Boats, and passing the *Firth*, posted himself in the County of *Fife*. *Lambert* immediately follow'd *Overton* with a more numerous Body; at the same time *Cromwell* with the rest of his Army advanced towards his Majesty's Intrenchments, as if he design'd to attack them, in order to prevent any Opposition to the landing his Forces. The King no sooner had Intelligence that the *Englifb* were in *Fife*, than he dispatch'd Major-General *Brown* with 4000 Men to engage them. *Brown* was routed, and thereupon *Cromwell* was left at liberty to transport his whole Army into *Fife*. For the News of the Defeat in *Fife* being brought to the King, who still lay encamp'd at *Torwood*, occasion'd so great a Consternation in his Army, that he decamp'd and march'd into *Stirling Park*. The General follow'd them within two Miles of *Stirling*, but finding he could not bring them to an Engagement; on the 22d of *July*, he march'd away his Army to *Lithgow*, from whence

whence he caused the greatest Part of his Army to be transported over into *Fife*; and he himself retir'd to *Leith* to provide for the Supply of his Soldiers; which having done, he cross'd the *Firth* to his Army, and on the 30th of *July*, march'd away towards *St-Johns-Town*; and took it in a Day's time.

These wonderful Successes which attended the *English* Arms, threw the King's Affairs in *Scotland* into great Perplexity and Distress, but having the Start of *Cromwell*, he was resolved with all Expedition to march into *England*. The Marquis of *Argyle* was the only one that opposed it; but not prevailing, the Marquis retired to his House in the Highlands; and the King came on; and on the sixth of *August* enter'd *England*, by the way of *Carlisle*: And on the 23d he came to *Worcester*; where he met with an honourable Reception from the Magistrates, and was solemnly proclaim'd.

The News of the King's march exceedingly surpris'd *Cromwell*; and as he did not doubt the Parliament would be alarm'd to hear of it, he speedily acquainted them with it, and that he was resolved closely to pursue him. He likewise advised them to put all the Militia of the Kingdom in Arms with the utmost Diligence, to deter the Royalists from reinforcing the Army. He himself gave the same Orders in the Northern Countries, and having left Major-General *Monk* in *Scotland* with 5000 Men, he pursued the King with all Expedition. And on the third of *September* the same Day twelve-month, that the *Scotch* had such a Defeat given them at *Dunbar*, both Armies engaged; and the Battle continued for three or four hours with great Fierceness, and various Success; till at last the *Scotch* Horse, seeing the Enemy break into the Town, fled, and left the Foot to the Mercy of the *English*: So that almost all the Infantry was slain or taken. The slain in this Battle were reckon'd about 4000; and the Prisoners taken in the Fight, and in the Pursuit, amounted to above 10000. The chief of the Prisoners were Duke *Hamilton* (Brother to the late Duke) who died soon after of his Wounds; the Earl of *Derby*, who, not long after, was sentenced to Death, and lost his Head at *Bolton*, the

Earls Lauderdale, Carnwarth, Rothes, Kelly, &c. The King escap'd, and travell'd that Night as far as his Strength would permit; when dismissing his Attendants he committed himself to the care of a trusty Guide; by whom he was conducted through by-roads, in the Habit of a Peasant. In these melancholy Circumstances, he spent one intire Day in a Tree; which grew (says Lord Clarendon) in the thickest Part of a Wood that was narrowly search'd. The Wood lay either in, or on the Borders of Staffordshire, and thus having wander'd near two Months in Disguise about England, he at last found Means to embark, and landed safely at Diepe in France.

Cromwell stay'd no longer at Worcester than to see the Walls levell'd with the Ground, and the Dikes fill'd with Earth. This done, he march'd up in a triumphant manner to London, driving four or five thousand Prisoners like Sheep before him: A Majority of the Parliament with the Speaker at the Head, attended by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London met him at Acton. And after a small Repose, on the 16th of September he took his Place in Parliament, who congratulated him upon his great Atchievements, and settled four thousand Pound per Annum on him, out of the Estates of the Duke of Buckingham, and the Marquis of Worcester, besides two thousand five hundred Pound per Annum formerly granted.

His Glory and Interest were now so greatly increased, that being Master likewise of the Armies of three Kingdoms, he could in effect command the Resolutions of Parliament, no Man daring openly to oppose him. Besides, he had in the House so great a Number of Creatures, that he might easily procure whatever he desired; so that it may truly be said, he was the Head of the Republic, tho' he only had the Title of General.

He now desired a Meeting with several Members of Parliament and the Officers of the Army, to consider of settling the Government of the Nation. The Soldiers were for a pure Republic, the Lawyers for a mix'd Monarchy, and many for the Duke of Gloucester to be King; but Cromwell generally put off that Debate to some other Point; And many think, that having now begun to entertain

ertain thoughts of setting up for himself, his Design in this Conference was only to discover the Inclinations of these Persons, that he might make a proper use thereof in prosecuting the ends of his own Ambition. But it may not be improper to insert here, his saying to Mr. *Bellievre*, *L'on ne montoit jamais si haut, que quand on ne sçait ou l'on va.* i. e. *A Man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.*

In 1652, his Commission of Lieutenant of *Ireland* expiring, he is made General of the Forces there; and Lieutenant-General *Fleetwood* is appointed Commander in Chief under the Lord-General *Cromwell*.

The General and his Officers began now to make heavy Complaints against the Parliament, and several Petitions, Addresses and Remonstrances were daily presented from the Army for the Payment of their Arrears; the putting an end to the Parliament and summoning a more equal Representative. Some of the Officers indeed were much concern'd at these Proceedings, and openly protested against them, particularly Major *Streaton* was so bold as to declare, that the General intended to set up himself; and that it was betraying the most glorious Cause for which so much Blood had been spilt; but *Harrison*, who was one of the Leaders of that Party, now known by the Name of *Fifth-Monarchy Men*, told him, he was assur'd the General did not seek himself in it, but did it to make way for the Rule of Jesus, that he might have the Sceptre: To whom the Major reply'd, that unless he came very suddenly he wou'd come too late.

About this time *Cromwell* in a private Conference with *Whitelock*, put this short Question to him; *What if a Man shou'd take upon him to be King?* *Whitelock* said, he thought *That Remedy worse than the Disease.* And I apprehend, said he, there would be less Envy, and Danger and Pomp, but not less Power, and real Opportunities of doing Good in your being General, than if you shou'd assume the Title of King, &c. He us'd likewise several Arguments to dissuade him from any such Purpose: Whereupon *Cromwell* left him with great Displeasure in his Countenance; and not long after found occasion, by an honourable Employment, to send

Whitelock

Whitelock out of the way, that he might be no Hindrance to him in the Designs he was carrying on.

Cromwell now discover'd that the Continuation of the Dutch War at Sea was prosecuted by his Enemies, that the Expence might render it necessary to disband the Land-Army now become useless. He was also privately inform'd of a Conspiracy against him, in which not only several Presbyterians and Royalists were concern'd, but even some considerable Members of the Independent Party, who dreaded that his Power already excessive wou'd still farther increase to the Prejudice of the Republic. Affairs therefore were so situated, that either the House must be subdued or himself destroyed; but to determine herein required no long time in an ambitious Spirit: He immediately therefore resolv'd to hazard every thing to become Master of the Parliament, rather than be made their Vassal, who were properly indebted to him for all their Authority.

Accordingly he and his Officers continue their Complaints against the Parliament; and on the 20th of April, 1653, the General finding they were not inclin'd to dissolve themselves, took with him a Party of Soldiers, about 300, and placing them in the Lobby and on the Stairs, he went into the House, and addressing himself to his Friend *St-John* told him, *That he then came to do what griev'd him to the very Soul, and what he had earnestly with Tears pray'd to God against; nay that he had rather be torn to pieces than do it, but that there was a Necessity laid upon him therein in order to the Glory of God and the Good of the Nation.* Then he sat him down and heard for some time their Debates; and then stepping into the midst of the House, he said, *Come, come, I will put an end to your Prating.* Then walking up and down the House, he cry'd out, *You are no Parliament, You are no Parliament,* and stamping with his Foot, he bade them *for shame be gone and give place to honest Men.* Upon this Signal the Soldiers enter'd the House, and he bade one of them take away that Bauble, meaning the Mace: And *Harrison* taking the Speaker by the Arm, led him down from the Chair. *Cromwell* then seizing on all their Papers, order'd

der'd the Soldiers to see the House clear'd of all the Members; and as they passed by him he spared not to upbraid any whom he knew to be Enemies of Fornication, Drunkenness, Corruption, &c. and tho' many, (says Whitelock) wore Swords, and would talk big, not a Man offer'd to draw against Cromwell, but every one tamely departed the House. When having caus'd the Doors to be lock'd up he went away to Whiteball; and the same Day in the Afternoon, attended by Lambert and Harrison, he went and broke up the *Council of State*.

And thus having dissolv'd that Assembly which had sat almost thirteen Years, and under whose Name he had wrought so much Mischief, and reduced three Kingdoms to his own intire Obedience and Subjection; without any Example or Precedent in the Christian World, that could raise his Ambition to such a presumptuous Undertaking; and without any rational Dependence upon the Friendship of one Man, who had any other Interest to advance his Designs but what he had given him by preferring him in the War; he might now have assumed the Reins of Government by Force as he had dismiss'd the Parliament, but he did not design to usurp the sovereign Authority in such a notorious Manner. His Intent was that it should be given him by Parliament in order to dazzle the Eyes of the Publick.

He first therefore on April 22, 1653, publish'd a Declaration by way of Apology for this bold Undertaking; which Declaration was sign'd by himself and his Council of Officers, who with some others, in all thirty Persons, were soon after form'd into a new *Council of State*. This Declaration being sent out into all the Dominions of the Commonwealth, was answer'd by many Congratulations and Addresses, from the Fleet, the Army, and the People. (And this by the way gave rise to the practice of addressing, so frequent in our Days.) And on April the 30th, he sent out another Declaration which met with equal Submission and Obedience.

And then on June the 8th, he and his Council, summon'd select Persons nominated by themselves, out of every County, to be the Representatives of the whole

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Nation in Parliament. They were almost all, says Rapin, of mean Extraction, illiterate, of no particular Merit, unexperienc'd in Business, and in a word utterly incapable of an Employ of such Importance. The Summons ran as follows :

I Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General and Commander in Chief of all the Armies and Forces, raised, or to be raised, within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require you (being one of the Persons nominated) personally to appear at the Council-Chamber at Whitehall upon July 4, next ensuing the Date hereof, then and there to take upon you the Trust unto which you are hereby called and appointed to serve as a Member for the County of ——, and hereof you are not to fail.

O. CROMWELL.

Accordingly these new Sovereigns appear'd on the appointed Day July 4, in the Council-Chamber, to the Number of about 120. When *Cromwell* by an Instrument constituted them *The Supreme Authority*. They chose Mr. *Rous* an old Gentleman of *Devonshire*, a Member of the Long-Parliament, and Provost of *Eton*, to be their Speaker ; resolv'd that General *Cromwell*, and his chief Officers, *Lambert*, *Harrison*, *Desborough*, and *Thomlinson*, shou'd sit in the House as Members ; and at once voted themselves to be *The Parliament of the Commonwealth of England* ; and that all Addresses shou'd be made to them under that Title. One *Praise-God Barebones*, a Leather-seller in *Fleetstreet*, was a very busy Man in this Assembly, whence it had the Name of *Barebone's Parliament*, but more generally it was call'd *The Godly Parliament*. But the General found that the Proceedings of this Parliament, tho' all of his own choosing, were so uncommon and unaccountable in many Particulars, that no one cou'd judge of their Designs, or where they wou'd end, He therefore resolv'd to put a Period to their Power ; and Measures having been concert'd with Mr. *Rous* and some of the General's select Friends in the House, on the 12th of December in the Morning, the Members who were in the

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the Secret being met a little earlier than usual, it was mov'd in the House, that *all who were for a Dissolution shou'd rise and walk out.* Accordingly the Speaker, and as many as wou'd follow him, went with the Mace to *Whitehall*, and by a Writing under their Hands resign'd up their Powers to the General. Above twenty of the Members, whereof *Harrison* was one, continu'd in the House, plac'd Mr. *Moyer* in the Chair, and fell to protesting against what the rest had done, but a Party of Soldiers was sent to turn them out; and so a Period was put to this Assembly after a Session of five Months and eight Days; in which time they did nothing remarkable, (nor indeed were they call'd for such Purpose,) but the passing an Act for *Marriages*, ordering, *The Banes to be publiss'd in the next Market three several Days, and the Ceremony to be perform'd by a Justice of the Peace.*

By this Resignation the politic *Cromwell* with his Council of Officers was once more possedd of the Supreme Power; whereupon he thought fit to advise with them, and with other Persons of Interest in the Nation, how this great Burden of governing three Kingdoms, with the Armies therein, and the Navy at Sea, shou'd be borne, and by whom. These soon resolv'd that a Council of godly, able and discreet Persons shou'd be nam'd; and that the Lord General shou'd be chosen *Lord Protector* of the three Nations. Upon this a large Instrument was drawn up, intitl'd, *The Government of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland*, commonly call'd, *The Instrument of Government.* And all Things being prepar'd on the 16th of December in the Chancery-Court, he was install'd *Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland*; and then he was conducted to *Whitehall*, *Lambert* carrying the Sword of State before him: and presently after he was proclaimed throughout the three Kingdoms.

Upon this new Advancement we are told, that *Cromwell* observ'd new and great State, and all Ceremonies and Respects were paid to him by ali sorts of Men as to their Prince. And it must be own'd he made the greatest Figure in *Europe* in his Time; and receiv'd greater marks

of Respect and Esteem from the Kings and Princes in Christendom, than had ever been shewn to any preceding Monarch of these Nations ; which was the more wonderful in that they all hated him, when they trembled at his Power and courted his Friendship. While at home, that he might the better manage the several Factions he stood more in awe of, he made choice of the most active and leading Men into his Council, by whose Influence he had the guiding of all the rest of each Party. And to keep the other two Nations in Order and Obedience, he sent General Monk into Scotland, and Fleetwood, who had married Ireton's Widow, into Ireland as his Lieutenant.

April 12th 1654, he makes a Union of the three Nations. For the compleating and perfecting of which Union, he now ordain'd that all the People of Scotland shou'd be incorporated into one Commonwealth with England ; and in every Parliament to be held successively for the said Commonwealth, thirty Persons shou'd be call'd from and serve for Scotland, and Thirty from Ireland, to serve in the Parliament at Westminster.

About this time Colonel John Gerrard was beheaded on Tower-Hill, and one Mr. Vowell hang'd at Charing-Cross, for a Conspiracy to murder the Protector in his way to Hampton-Court. And at the same time was beheaded on Tower-Hill, for a Riot and Murder, Don Pantalion Sa, tho' he was Brother to the Portuguese Ambassador then at London, a Knight of Malta, and a Person eminent in many great Actions.

The Protector knowing that, tho' he had obtain'd the Government, it was not confirm'd to him by the People, resolv'd in pursuance of the *Instrument of Government* to summon a Parliament to meet at Westminster on September 3. And accordingly, tho' it happen'd to be on Sunday, the Members, in number four-hundred English, thirty Scotch, and thirty Irish, after hearing a Sermon at Westminster-Abbey attended his Highness in the Painted-Chamber, where he made a Speech to them. After which they went to the House and adjourn'd to the next Day.

By the said *Instrument* for electing Members, &c. the little insignificant Boroughs were omitted, and the number
of

of Knights increased from four to twelve according to the extent of the County. This (Lord Clarendon observes) was generally look'd upon as an Alteration fit to be more warrantably made and in better Time. Upon the Protector's own Recommendation *Lenthal*, Speaker of the Long Parliament, was chosen to that Post. But his Highness not approving their Proceedings, for the first thing proposed was, *to examine the Authority by which they were assembled*; he therefore on the 12th of September early in the Morning, caus'd a Guard to be plac'd at the Door of the House, and appointed the following Test or Recognition to be sign'd by them before they went any more into the House:

I A. B. do hereby freely promise and engage myself to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland; and shall not propose or give any Consent to alter the Government, as it is settled in one single Person and a Parliament.

Such Members as refus'd to subscribe this Engagement were not only excluded but some of them taken into Custody, and particularly Major General *Harrison* the Protector's late great Favourite; nor did the rest answere his Desire and Expectation, so that he grew very uneasy.

And on January the 22d, (eleven Days before the time fixed for their continuance by the *Instrument of Government*) they were required to attend him in the Painted-Chamber where he dissolv'd them with a very tedious and intricate Speech; in which he told them that he was no stranger to their Projects, and that several were engaged in a Conspiracy against him.

His parting with this his second Parliament, notwithstanding they had voted him and his Successors a Revenue of 200000*l. per Annum*, in great displeasure, increas'd the Indignation of the Republicans, and gave great Encouragement to the Royalists to pursue their Schemes. But to secure himself and prevent an universal Odium, he paid his Army and Fleet well, and discharg'd all Officers whose Fidelity he suspected; carry'd it fair to the City of London;

excus'd the common People of some customary Burdens and some part of their Taxes ; and us'd an indefatigable Diligence and unbounded Expence in procuring Intelligence and crushing all Designs against him. So that tho' his Mother, who dy'd this Year, was in continual fear for him ; and when she heard any Gun go off, wou'd cry out, *Her Son was shot* ; and cou'd not be easy without seeing him once or twice a Day ; and tho' a thousand of his Enemies did really believe that *killing wou'd be no Murder*, yet he had the good Fortune to escape all Dangers.

Several Risings were made for the King but were soon suppress'd. And Colonel Penruddock and Captain Groves were beheaded at *Exeter* ; others were sent to *Salisbury* and there try'd and executed ; and many were transported to the *West-Indies*. He likewise committed to Prison many of those whom he suspected ; as the Earl of *Oxford*, the Lords *Willoughby of Parham, Newport, and Compton* ; and several others. He had also a very watchful Eye over the Republicans and *Fifth-Monarchy Men* ; and gave Monk Orders to seize Major-General *Overton*, Major *Bramston, Holmes*, and other Officers : And even Cornet *Joyce*, now *Colonel*, was cashier'd. And finally, to provide for all Inconveniences as well amongst the People as in the Army, he divided *England*, as 'twere, into so many *Cantons*. Over each of which he plac'd one, call'd by the Name of *Major-General*, from whose Acts there was no Appeal but to the Protector himself.

But we are told these *Major-Generals*, whose Names were *Kelsey, Goffe, Desborough, Fleetwood, Skippon, Whaley, Butler, Berry, Worsely, Lambert, and Berkstead*, who was also Lieutenant of the *Tower*, became true Tyrants, and so oppressed the People that *Cromwell* at last was forced to reduce their Power within much narrower Bounds.

The King being thus disappointed in the several Projects for his Restoration returned to *Cologn* ; where it was discover'd that one of his Domesticks, named *Manning*, lately come from *England*, carried on a secret Correspondence with *Thurloe*, *Cromwell's* Secretary, and inform'd him of the Transactions of the King's Court ; for which he was apprehended and shot to Death.

In the year 1655, one *Cony a Londoner* refused to pay Taxes: And being sent for to the Protector, he boldly declar'd, *That all who submitted to pay illegal Taxes were greater Enemies to their Country, than they who imposed them, and that the Tyranny of Princes could never be grievous, but by the Tameness and Stupidity of the People.* When the Protector found he could not bring him over, he told him, *that he had a Will as stubborn as his, and he would try which of them two should be Master:* And thereupon committed him to Prison. As soon as the Term came on, the Prisoner brought his *Habeas Corpus* in the King's-Bench, *Maynard, Twisden and Windham* being Counsel for him, demanded his Liberty, both upon the Illegality of the Commitment and of the Imposition. The Judges could not defend either, and it appear'd plainly what their Sentence would be, so that the Protector's Attorney requir'd a farther Day to answer what had been urged. But in the mean while *Cromwell* sent for the Judges, and severely reprimanded them, and when they alledg'd the Law and *Magna Charta*, he told them, *their Magna f—ta should not control his Actions, which he knew were for the Safety of the Commons, and ask'd them, who made them Judges? And whether they had any Authority to sit there, but what he gave them?* And therefore he advised them *to be more tender of that which only could preserve them, and sent them away with this Caution, that they should not suffer the Lawyers to prate, what it would not become them to bear.*

But tho' the Protector proceeded in this arbitrary manner, against those who contested his Authority, yet in all other Cases, where the Life of his Jurisdiction was not concern'd, he seem'd to have a great Reverence for the Law and the Constitution, rarely interposing between Party and Party. And to do him Justice, there appear'd in his Government many things that were truly great and praise-worthy: And particularly his great regard for the Advancement of Learning. The University of *Oxford* acknowledg'd his Highness's Respect to them, in bestowing on their public Library twenty four Greek MSS, and munificently

munificently allowing 100*l. per Annum* to a Divinity Reader. He also order'd a Scheme to be drawn, for founding and endowing a College at *Durham*, for the Convenience of the Northern Students.

Being some time in Suspence, whether to join with *France* or *Spain*, he at last inclines to the former; and sets out a Fleet for *Hispaniola*, which miscarrying there, to make some amends, they made a Descent on the Island of *Jamaica*, and obtain'd an easy possession of it, which Island has ever since remain'd in the Hands of the *English*.

The *Spanish* War was soon follow'd by a Peace with *France*, proclaim'd at *London*, October 23, 1755. And it is very remarkable (says Dr. *Wellwood*) that in this Treaty *Cromwell* would not allow the *French* King, to call himself *King of France*, but of the *French*; when he himself assumed the Title of *Protector of England and France*. And what is more, *Cromwell's* Name was set before the *French* King's. But *Ludlow* observes, this Confederacy was dearly purchased on the Part of *England*, for by it the Balance of the two Crowns of *France* and *Spain* was destroy'd, and a Foundation laid for the future Greatness of the *French*, to the unspeakable Prejudice of all *Europe* in general, and of the *English* Nation in particular; whose Interest it hath hitherto been accounted to maintain that Equality as near as might be.

Yet the Protector hearing that the Duke of *Savoy* had raised a new Persecution of the *Vaudois*, he wrote to him himself, tho' he had otherwise no concern with him; and order'd him to restore all he had unjustly taken from his Protestant Subjects, and renew all their former Privileges, which was accordingly done. And other the like Instances the Protector gave, of his Favour and Redress of the Protestants abroad.

About this time he prevail'd upon Sir *Richard Willis*, Chancellor *Hyde's* chief Confidant to become his Spy; whereby Bishop *Burnet* tells us, *Cromwell* knew every thing that pass'd in the King's little Court; and he had got the whole Party as it were in a Net.

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The Protector now call'd a new Parliament, which met at Westminster, September the 17th, but a Guard being placed before the House, none were suffer'd to enter, but such as had Certificates given them in this Form:

THESE are to certify, that A. B. is return'd by Indenture one of the Members to serve in this present Parliament, and approved by his Highness's Council.

And by this means, near 100 Members were excluded.

The sitting Members chose Sir Thomas Widdrington for their Speaker; and pass'd several Bills: Amongst which were, *An Act for renouncing and disannulling the pretended Title of Charles Stuart, An Act for the Security of his Highness the Lord Protector's Person, An Act for preventing the Multiplicity of Buildings in and about the Suburbs of London, &c.* And upon a Motion made by Mr. Claypole, Son-in-law to the Protector, they abolish'd the Power of the Major-Generals.

About this time, Miles Syndercomb a Leveller, combin'd with one Cecil, and one Troop belonging to his Highness's Life-guard, to assassinate the Protector at Brentford, in his way to Hampton-Court, but they were discover'd, and a publick Thanksgiving was appointed for the Protector's Deliverance.

Syndercomb was try'd at the Upper-bench-bar. When the Court declared, "That by the Common Law to compass, or imagine the Death of the chief Magistrate, by what Name soever he was call'd, whether Lord Protector, or otherwise, is High-treason, and that the Statute, 25 Edward III. was only declaratory of the Common Law." Hereupon he was condemn'd, but was found dead in Prison the Day on which he was to have been executed.

The Protector on a sudden became more popular than ever. He seem'd to caress all Parties alike. The Presbyterians were told, *That he was not far from their Sentiments.* The Nobility met with great Respect from him; and he appear'd less incensed against the Cavaliers, and even own'd, *That he thought there was much good in the Order*

Order of Bishops, if the Dross was scoured off. And being seconded herein by his Friends and Creatures to dispossess Men in his Favour, Mr. Pack a City Alderman and Member of Parliament, at last proposed in direct Terms, *That the Protector might be invested with the Title of King.* And this Motion, tho' strenuously opposed by Lieutenant General Fleetwood, Lambert and others, was yet carry'd and the Name voted, with the filling up the two Blanks left for the two Houses, with the Words, *House of Commons, and other House.*

This done, on the fourth of April 1657, they presented a Writing to the Protector, stiled, *The humble Petition and Advice of the Parliament of England, Scotland and Ireland, to his Highness;* and the Speaker at the same time made a Speech to him, recommending the Title “ and Office of a King, as settled here with Christianity itself, prov'd and retain'd by our Ancestors, “ and every way fitted to the Laws and Temper of the “ People of England.”

But the Protector, however inclinable to accept this Offer, yet finding it against the Bent and Humour of the Army, and that his Son-in-law, *Fleetwood*, and his Brother-in-law, *Desborough*, were particularly averse to it, instead of a ready Assent, thought fit to demur upon it, saying, *He wonder'd how any such thing came into their Minds; that it was neither fit for them to offer, nor him to receive; that he was sure they could discover no such Ambition in him, and that his Conscience would not give him leave ever to consent to own that Title.*— However, he desir'd that a Committee might be appointed to confer with him, and offer him better Knowledge and Satisfaction in this great Cause.

A Committee was accordingly appointed, which met him in the Painted-Chamber on April the 11th: *Whitelock* was in the Chair, who with others, for two Days successively endeavour'd to persuade him to accept the Title of King: And Dr. *Wellwood* says, a Crown was actually made and brought to *Whitehall*. But the Protector would not give a present Answer, acquainting the Committee, *That he would consider of all they had said, and seek to*

God

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God for Counsel, and then he would send for them, and declare his Resolution. When finding he could not prevail on the Army, who had petition'd the House against the Title, on the eighth of *May* he return'd this Answer; *I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King.* The Parliament thereupon voted, that he should enjoy the Title and Authority of *Protector*, with more Power than was annex'd to it by the *Council of Officers*. This was done by the aforesaid Instrument, call'd, *The humble Petition and Advice.* Which Instrument being digested, and agreed upon by the House, on the 25th of *May* it was presented at the Banqueting-House to the Protector, who, after a long Pause, and with all the Gestures of Concern and Perplexity, pass'd it, and the Members return'd again to their House.

On the 26th he was inaugurated in a most solemn and pompous Manner at *Westminster-Hall*, being vested in a Robe of Purple Velvet lined with Ermines; and having a Scepter of massy Gold in his Hand. The Earl of *Warwick* (the only Nobleman, says *Ludlow*, that was present at this Solemnity) holding the Sword of State on the right, and the Lord Mayor the City Sword on the left Side of his Chair; and by him on the right hand sat the *French* Ambassador, and on the left the Ambassador of the United Provinces: Near him stood his Son *Richard, Fleetwood, Claypole* his Master of the Horse, the Council and others of State. The Ceremonies being ended, he went in State to *Westminster-Hall-Gate*, where he took Coach, and went to the House, and passed some Bills.

The Protector now in the Height of his Grandeur and Power, met with a very great Loss in the Death of his valiant and victorious Admiral *Blake*, who died of a Fever in the 59th Year of his Age, just as the Fleet was entring into *Plimouth-Sound* in her return from destroying the Spanish Galleons at *Santa Cruz*, where he passionately enquired for the Land, but found his own Element the more proper Bed of Honour.

The Protector now sent his Writ of Summons under the Great Seal, to divers Persons to sit as Members of the other House, to the Number of about sixty, among

50 *An Extract of the Rise and*

whom, says my Author, were divers Noblemen, Knights, Gentlemen of ancient Families, and some Officers of the Army, tho' *Ludlow* declares, that none of the ancient Nobility, except the Lord *Eure* sat in *the other House*. Nor could the Earl of *Warwick* himself be perswaded to sit with Colonel *Hewson*, and Colonel *Pride*, whereof the one had been a Shoe-maker, and the other a Dray-man.

However on *January 20, 1657-8*. Both Houses met, and as by the third Article of *The humble Petition and Advice*, it was said the Members legally chosen should not be excluded without the Consent of their House, a Motion was made, *To admit all the elected Members who had refused to sign the Engagement*. The Motion was so suddenly received and approved, that *Cromwell* had not time to oppose it, and it was so much the more out of his Power, as it was founded on a solemn Act, which he had sworn to observe. By this means above 100 Members, Republicans and Presbyterians, all Enemies to the Protector, were admitted into the *House of Commons*, among whom particularly were Sir *Harry Vane*, *Haslerig*, and others of great Credit and Interest. And from that time the Face of Affairs began to change: *Cromwell's* Enemies having gain'd a Superiority in that very House which would have made Him a *King*. As they had form'd great Projects against him, their care was to hinder *the other House*, wholly consisting of his Creatures, from using their pretended Negative to frustrate their Measures. *Cromwell* perceiving their Drift, sent for the Parliament to *Whiteball*, and in a long Speech maintain'd the Authority of the *other House* with such warmth, that the Commons fearing an immediate Dissolution, found it necessary to acknowledge *the other House as an essential Part of the Parliament*. However, Discord still continuing between them, on the fourth of *February* the Protector not staying for one of his own Coaches, took the first that came to hand, and with such Guards as he could get together went to *the other House*, and imparted to *Fleetwood* his Resolution to dissolve the Parliament. *Fleetwood* endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, but he clapp'd his Hand upon his Breast, and swore *by the living*

living God he would do it: And accordingly he went and dissolved them. He likewise dismiss'd *Lambert* from his Lieutenant-Generalship, but not to disgust him entirely, allow'd him a Pension of 2000*l.* per Annum. *Fleetwood* succeeded him, and *Henry*, Oliver's younger Son, was sent to *Ireland* in *Fleetwood*'s room. Since *Cromwell* had been confirm'd in the Protectorate, he call'd his eldest Son *Richard* to Court and made him Chancellor of *Oxford*, (who had hitherto lived privately at *Hursley* in *Hampshire* upon his Wife's Fortune, *Dorothy*, eldest Daughter of *Richard Major*, Esquire). Of his Daughters, *Mary* was married to Lord *Falconbridge*, and *Frances* to Mr. *Rich*, Grandson to the Earl of *Warwick*; which two Marriages were celebrated at *Whitehall*, with all imaginable Pomp and Lustre according to the Ceremonies of those Times; but soon afterwards according to the Rites of the *Church of England*; and this with the Privity of *Cromwell*, who pretended to yield to it in Compliance with the Importunity and Folly of his Daughters. *Bridget* was first married to *Ireton*, and upon his Decease to *Fleetwood*. And *Elizabeth* (who, *Rapin* says by Mistake, lived unmarried) was Wife to *Claypole*.

The Protector's chief Support had been the Army, fill'd by himself with *Fanatics* and *Enthusiasts*, who now imagining the time was come to erect a *Fifth Monarchy*, or the Reign of *Jesus Christ* upon Earth, laid a Design to dethrone the Protector, but it was prevented by the Diligence of *Thurloe* his Secretary, who spared no Pains or Money for his Master's Safety. The Conspirators were apprehended and committed to the Gate-houſe.

A Project was likewise forming among the Cavalier-Party; among whom the chief Managers were *John Mordaunt*, Brother to the Earl of *Peterborough*, Sir *Henry Slingsby*, a rich and popular Man of *Yorkshire*, and Dr. *Heret*, a Minister of the *Church of England*. But *Cromwell* having been inform'd, that one Mr. *Stapley* had a Commission granted him to raise a Regiment, &c. he sent for him, and artfully drew from him a Confession of whatever he knew, particularly of his having received a Commission from Mr. *Mordaunt*, whereupon *Mordaunt*,

Slingsby and *Hewet* were committed to the Tower, and many of their Associates were apprehended in all Parts of the Kingdom. After which *Cromwell* erected a *High Court of Justice* for their Trials; *Whitelock* was one of the Commissioners, but never sat with them; he was for trying the Conspirators in the ordinary Course of Common Law; but (says he) " his Highness was too much in love with " the new way, which he thought to be more effectual, " and wou'd the more terrify the Offenders." Mr. *Mordaunt* escaped by means of his Wife, who prevailed with Colonel *Mallory*, one of the two Witnesses against her Husband, to withdraw from his Guard and slip away. But on June 8, Sir H. *Slingsby* and Dr. *Hewet* were executed on *Tower-Hill*.

In this Month Marshal *Turenne* the French General besieg'd *Dunkirk*, and by the means of *Lockhart* (who had married *Cromwell's* Niece) and his 6000 English Foot, easily made himself Master of the Place. He had a secret Order not to deliver it to the English; but *Cromwell* got Information thereof tho' it was known but to four Persons only, and render'd that Order ineffectual, so that on June 25, it was surrender'd to the English by the French King and Cardinal *Mazarine* in Person, pursuant to a Treaty between them and the *Protector*, who made *Lockhart* Governor, and in it placed a strong Garrison.

Cromwell's Fear and Jealousies now grew more observable than ever; which is not strange, since after the Publication of that severe Pamphlet, *Killing no Murder*, he had continual Informations of Designs to assassinate him, even by some of his former most zealous Adherents. He therefore was afraid to lie two Nights together in the same Chamber, nor wou'd ever appear in public without a strong Guard. The Earl of *Warwick* with whom he had a fast Friendship, however unlike they were in their Natures and Humour, was dead. And the Heir of that House, who had married his youngest Daughter, died about the same time; so that all his Relation to or Confidence in that Family was at an end, the other Branches of it abhorring his Alliance. And he plainly discover'd that Lord *Fal-anbridge* was bent upon an Interest destructive of his, and therefore

therefore grew to hate him perfectly. But that which chiefly broke his Peace was the Death of his Daughter *Claypole*, (Aug. 6.) who in her Sicknes (brought upon her, as was supposed, by the only Instance of a Denial from her fond Father in her Intercession for Dr. Hewit's Life) had several Conferences with him which exceedingly perplex'd him. For tho' no body was near enough to hear Particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the Pains she endured, the Blood her Father had spilt, made People conclude that she had presented his most enormous Actions to his Consideration. Be this as it will, about a Week after her Death, the Protector having been ill some time before of a tertian Ague, grew considerably worse at *Hampton-Court*, whither he had retired with his Council; and about the end of *August* his Fits still growing stronger, and his Spirits weaker, he was remov'd from *Hampton-Court* to *Whitball*, (tho' *Whitelock* says he dy'd at *Hampton-Court*) where, on the third of *September*, his beloved and victorious Day, about three in the Afternoon he expired. On which Day there happened the most violent Storm of Wind that had ever been known, which some Men fancy to have been preter-natural; who likewise believe the Prediction of Colonel *Lindsey* as to the Day of the Protector's Death; which is founded upon the ridiculous Story of his having made a League with the Devil. The Evening before he died he was heard (it is said) to pray devoutly, confessing himself a miserable Creature but pleading a Covenant-Interest in *Christ*. And thus the famous *Oliver Cromwell*, after so many great Actions, so many Toils and Fatigues, and so many Plots and Conspiracies against his Life, at last died quietly in his Bed, in the 60th Year of his Age; five Years, four Months, and fourteen Days after the Dissolution of the Long Parliament; four Years, eight Months, and eighteen Days after he had been declar'd Protector by the *Instrument of Government*; and but one Year, three Months and nine Days after his being confirm'd in that Office by *The humble Petition and Advice*.

The Corps was removed *September 26*, privately in the Night from *Whiteball* to *Somerset-House*, where it lay in State till *November 23*, and ther't it was carried in a very

solemn and magnificent manner to *Westminster* and deposited (says *Rapin*) in *Henry the VII's Chapel*. The Charges of it (says *Manley*) came to 6000*l.* The Drapers who serv'd the Funeral were, *Hampden* 5000*l.* *Wharton*, who afterwards fail'd, 6000*l.* *Foster*, who likewise fail'd, 1500*l.* *Hexmour* 1500*l.* And one Lieutenant *Felton* was Measurer of the Cloth, which my Author says was never paid for. Others say, that notwithstanding all this Pomp, his Body in reality was carried below Bridge and sunk in the *Thames*. And again others affirm that, by his own Order, it was buried somewhere in *Naseby*-Field.

This being design'd only as a Narrative of Facts, we do not pretend to enter upon his Character, only this in short: *He seems to have stuck at nothing in order to gain his Point, which when obtain'd he us'd most nobly.* And this is what I suppose the great Historian means, when he calls him a *brave wicked Man*, or a *noble and glorious Villain*.





O L I V E R C R O M W E L L .

O L I V E R

C R O M W E L L :

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.





Dramatis Personæ.

OLIVER CROMWELL, *the Protector.*

Richard, } *bis Sons.*

Henry,

Ireton, *bis Son in Law.*

Hugh Peters, *bis Chaplain, a Pulpit Buffoon.*

Goodwin, *another of his Chaplains.*

Bradshaw, *President of the High Court of Justice.*

Whitelock, *Commissioner of the Great Seal.*

Ludlow,

Harrison,

Lambert,

Whalley,

Butler,

Seymour,

Herbert,

Sir Richard Willis,

Sir Peter Wentworth,

The Speaker of the House of Commons.

An Apparition.

A Commissioner from Scotland.

} *Officers of the Army.*

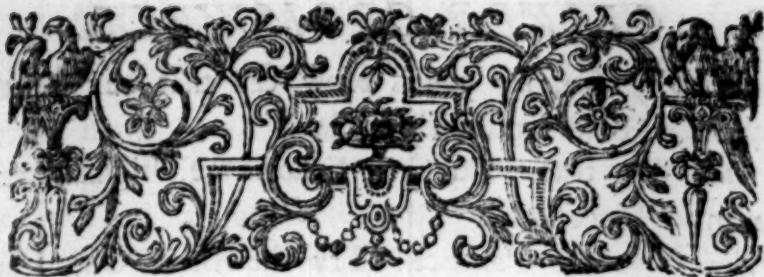
} *Cavaliers.*

Mrs. Cromwell.

Mrs. Claypole, *the Protector's favourite Daughter.*

Lord Mayor, *Judges, Barons, Commissioners of the Great Seal, &c.* **Officers of the Army, Heralds, Soldiers, Gentlemen,**

SCENE, WESTMINSTER.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

BUTLER and SEYMOUR meeting.

Butler.



Y good Friend Seymour! Welcome to England. How fare our Friends on the other side the Water?

Sey. Well, Mr. Butler, as to Health and Reputation; but most of them low in Pocket. Remittances are slow in coming, and scarce indeed to be expected, when their Friends at home labour under such Oppression.—But how go the King's Affairs?

But. Oh, most deplorably. *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, and the rest of that Independent Crew have set up a High Court of Justice, as they call it, to try the Fountain of all Justice, the King himself; where he is to be impeach'd by a Charge, and other odious Formalities, for Murder, Tyranny, Rapine, and other gross Enormities, which the good King wou'd abhor the Thoughts of, and much more to stain his Soul with the Guilt of Action.

Sey.

58 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sey. Try him, say you? How can that be? That's without all Precedent or Example.

But. Very true. But these Fellows are Originals, and can make Precedents.

Sey. Give me Patience! Try the King! Oh, I am mad, and almost ready to question thy cruel, cruel Justice, angry Heaven!

But. Heaven has no Hand in it, 'tis the Work of Hell!
All dark and black; tho' the continual Cant
Of poor deluded Mortals, or of such
As are suborn'd to cover their vile Pranks
With specious Shew of Revelation,
Still runs,—*The Lard's well pleas'd with their Proceedings.*

Sey. When Man once parts with Innocence and Grace,
What Monster under Heaven's high Arch is like him?
The Checks of Conscience, or the Voice of Heav'n,
He feels, he hears no more; the foulest Sin,
'Treason or Murder, stops not his Career;
Insensibly he strides o'er every Bar,
And dares, without Remorse, th' impending Bolt.

But. I'm shock'd at such Impiety!
And stand astonish'd at the stay of Vengeance;
The dilatory Thunder is so long in falling,
As almost staggers me in my Belief.
But Heav'n's Decrees are dark and intricate,
And far beyond frail Man's Conception.

Sey. Oh how the Times are chang'd, since first I knew
This bramble *Cromwell* at his Country Farm!
A leud, licentious Bankrupt, rustic Renter,
In coarse Attire; Companion for the Vilest:
Himself superlative to all the Pack.
Most apt in Tricks and cunning Circumventions,
His Play was to impose on all his Fellows;
Which made his Dealings and Diversions hateful.

But

But when he found his subtle Cheats discover'd,
And he himself, detested like a Plague,
He chang'd his Dissoluteness to Hypocrify ;
Became a Zealot, and outdid the Devil
In his own Element, Dissimulation.

But. He is not chang'd ; but was in miniature
The self-same Villain that we find him now :
And like himself, are his Companions, base ;
Men of no Principles, but mock Morality,
Of shallow Intellects, and desperate Fortunes ;
Unletter'd, rash, and fit for any Purpose
That their vile Chief thinks proper to impose.
Yet these pretend a Purity of Soul
Surpassing that of any other Mortals ;
And talk as freely of the Realms above,
As if those Regions were their own Demesnes ;
Boast of new Light and Grace, and Revelation ;
And preach, and pray, and fancy they're inspir'd :
Wrest holy Truths to ignorant Exposition,
And torture Texts, for mercenary Ends !
These they call Gifts ; and say, they came from Heaven,
To them, th' Elect, to weed the sinful World ;
To bolt the Bran, and purify Mankind.

Sey. Cursed Hypocrify ! yet surely *Cromwell*,
However loaded with his numerous Vices,
Must be a Man of more than common Parts,
Surprising Policy, and great Address ;
To keep such jarring Multitudes in Order.

But. To speak impartially, I must confess
I've often stood astonish'd at his Conduct.
And had he labour'd in a better Cause,
The greatest Hero in the *British* Story
Had been eclips'd by his superior Name :
For who can say he ever went to Battle,

When

60 OLIVER CROMWELL.

When he, like *Cæsar*, brought not Victory home ?
But whether this is owing to his Fortune,
His Magnanimity, or League with Hell,
A Thing much talk'd of in the Nation now,
I'm not Philosopher enough to know.

Sey. That League we may suppose a kindred Scheme
With *Numa's* Goddes ; or with *Mahomet's* Dove :
Another master-piece of his Deceit ;
To conquer Consciences, as well as Men.
For stubborn Minds, no otherwise subdu'd,
Will melt, like heated Wax, at something marvellous :
A League with Hell !
Enough to drive the stoutest to despair :
For who can ever hope to overcome,
When his Contention is against the Devil ?

But. If such Delusion ever was design'd,
'Tis still, by him, and all his Friends, disclaim'd ;
Who represent it as a senseless Notion,
Invented by his Foes, to make him odious :
To make Account for his surprising Acts ;
Their own Miscarriages, and want of Conduct.

Sey. But the Report so general is grown,
There must be something in it more than Rumour.

But. I believe not.—Tho' I have heard it said,
It were impossible for him to do
What he has done, without the Devil's Help :
But when we weigh the Greatness of his Soul,
Unshaken Constancy, and active Valour ;
His Resolution,—never to be conquer'd ;
And Circumspection, not to be deceiv'd ;
We may allow his Actions to be possible,
Without the aid of supernatural Means.

Sey. Curse his industrious, impious Affiduity !
Wakeful Revenge, and solid Constitution !

OLIVER CROMWELL. 61

The marble-hearted Villain has a Frame,
That fears no Pains on Earth, nor Pangs in Hell.

But. A Life of so much Hurry and Destruction
Is rather to be shunn'd, than be desir'd.

Unenvy'd let him roll in Guilt and Blood ;
A Stain to *England*, and the Christian Name,
Till flumb'ring Justice finds the Tyrant out.

But let's retire — He's here ; and with him comes
That other Villain, *Ireton*, his Son ;
In Vice, and Policy most mischievous
His Equal, but in Virtues far beneath him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cromwell and Ireton.

Crom. This Day is big, my Son, with great Events,
And holds the Scale of *Charles's* certain Fate ;
For die — he must.

There's now no Medium, for a Compromise,
To let him live, and be myself in Safety.
He'll still be striving to resume his Royalty,
And blast our Measures for a Commonwealth.
But, as this Trial wants a Precedent,
It gives me some Uneasiness to think,
How it may stand the Censure of the World.

Iret. Never be griev'd, nor hesitate thereon :
Our twin-born Souls, by Nature made alike,
Were not design'd to grovel upon Earth :
To tamely sink beneath a Tyrant's Frown,
Or court, unpopular, against the Bent,
With dog-like Fawning, his destructive Smiles.
No. — Our dear Country's most oppressive Ills,
With Voice, like Thunder, call aloud for Justice.
Then, let us use the Sword, already drawn,
And strike, obedient to the general Cry.

Crom. I have not told you what his Friends have offer'd,
To re-instate him, once again, in King ship —

A

62 OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Dukedom, large Possessions, and the Garter ;
And both my Sons promoted to the Peerage.

Iret. Their faithless Favours are beneath your Thoughts,
And what you're daily able to bestow.

Are you not *Cromwell*? —

Let little, abject Souls, for Slavery born,
With subtle Hamstrings bend the obsequious Knee ;
Fall down to Stocks and Stones, and lick the Feet
Of even Satan, in a purple Vest ;
We, like the Eagle, have a higher Flight ;
And, mounting, scorn to perch beneath a Throne
With Talons, capable of grasping Thunder,
We execute the Wrath of angry Heaven,
And pour Destruction on the guilty Head,
Whose impious Study is to chain his Country,
And ape Dominion over all Mankind !

Crom. The Cause of Liberty's a glorious Cause,
And warms Imagination into Rapture :
But—let us weigh the Greatness of the Work,
Before we lay the Weapon to the Root.—
This Day we bring a Monarch to the Bar,
Fore-judg'd of Crimes, perhaps, his Soul abhors.—

Iret. And shou'd he suffer by the Hand of Justice,
His Crimes and Destiny alone must answer it ;
For we're no more than Instruments therein ;
Allotted by the wise Decrees of Providence,
To put their dateless Laws in Execution.
Then let's proceed with Clearfulness and Vigour,
To lop the Head of this deceitful Hydra :
For, that once sever'd, by a public Censure,
I fain wou'd know what Foe you have to fear.

Crom. His brother Kings, in Policy, must arm,
And march, united, to revenge his Death :
Else, this Example will instruct their Slaves

To think of Liberty, and act like Men.

Iret. Perhaps, some empty Bustle may be made :
But—when 'tis done, and cannot be recall'd,
Time will soon eat the Edge of its Malignity,
And mould its Memory to a musty Tale.

Crom. I'm lost in Thought, in Difidence and Doubt !

Iret. *Cæsar* was troubl'd with the Falling-sickness,
A Qualm, we may suppose, like this of yours :
But his, were Actions of a fable Dye ;
He fought but to enslave the Commonwealth ;
Whilst your great Purpose is to set one free.

'Tis true,

The Register above is hard to read :
But, as we know our Principles are just,
And Heaven has thus permitted us to rule,
Our Cause, altho' discolour'd, must be honest.
Success, by which the World in general
Weighs the eternal Will, has yet been ours,
And crown'd our struggling Liberty with Conquest.

At *Newberry*, *Naseby*, 'and at *Marston-Moor*,
We've rais'd new Mountains with our slaughter'd Foes ;
And dy'd the Brooks and Rivers with their Blood ;
Reduc'd each Castle, Garrison, and Town,
And bound the Mighty-one of all in Fetters !
By which we see, that what is pre-ordain'd,
Is not to be revers'd by Man's Ability.

For Man's but Man, and can no more atchieve
Than Heaven permits :

And he that's born to die a Death inglorious,
But pants in vain to mend his evil Lot.

Crom. What is the Hour ?

Iret. 'Tis after nine.—By now the Court is met ;
So let us hence, and with the Speed of Time,
Mark out the measur'd Moments of his Fate.

Oh,

64 *OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Oh, with what Innocence the dead Man sleeps!
No Dreams disturb the Softness of his Slumber!
Harmless as Down, he takes a sweet Repose,
And rests secure in everlasting Peace.
This Day will prove the Harvest of our Hopes;
Let's haste, to crop the golden-headed Grain;
Lest the plump Corn, with over-ripeness drop,
And leave us only Straws and Chaff to gather.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, a Gentleman, whose Name is Bradshaw, desires to be admitted. [Exit,

Crom. Introduce him.—The President is come
To call us to the Court.

Iret. We must concert some popular Pretence
To blind the public, and cajole the weak;
Lest some frail Members shou'd have Qualms of Con-
science,
And call the Nation's Sanative, a Murder.

Enter Bradshaw.

Brad. Good Day, my Lord:
And to my worthy Friend, a kind Good-morrow.

[Ireton bows.

Crom. Mr. President, you are welcome,
Be brief, I pray, and tell my Son and me
The Issue of last Night's elaborate Toil:
What new Discovery you've made in Law,
To set a Glosf upon this gloomy Bus'nes,
And satisfy the gaping, murmuring Multitude?

Brad. The King, himself, will furnish us with that.
His evil Counsellors have bid him question
By what Authority we hold our Court:
And, till that Interrogative is answer'd,

He's

OLIVER CROMWELL. 65

He's not to plead, but frustrate his Arraignment.
By which Device he will be deem'd contemptuous ;
And may, by standing mute, be press'd to Death.

Iret. 'Twill save much Time and Trouble to the Court ;
And shew his wilful and imperious Nature.

Crom. Your Information may be wrongly grounded ;
Or he may waver in his Resolution :
Therefore, I hope, your Lordship is prepar'd
For all his Wiles, Inconstancy, and Skill :
For he has study'd pretty much himself,
The Laws of *England*, and of other Nations,
And will be powerful in his Defence.

Brad. My Lord, I am.
But what will signifiy his best Defence,
Tho' ne'er so strong, and skilfully concerted ?
Is he not doom'd already to the Block ?
Besides, the Charge is so profoundly drawn,
Which *Cooke*, our new Solicitor, will push
Beyond the common Forms of Law and Justice,
That were his Character as white as Snow,
As clear and spotless as the brightest Sunshine,
It wou'd be blacken'd, by this Accusation,
To one as foul, as e'er appear'd at Bar.

Iret. To bring about this salutary Work,
No Justice, Forms, or Law must be regarded.
Resolv'd, we must go on ; and stick at nothing,
However new, inhuman, or illegal.
The Army is our own ; and, we can back
Our necessary Wants, with their Assistance.
No matter, tho' our Foes malign the Manner,
Since they'll applaud no Method we can take.
Yet more ; Self-preservation bids us, on,
Without regard to Pity, or Remorse :
For we are seeking to destroy a Tyrant,

66 OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Man of Blood, that will distend no Mercy
To us, nor to our Friends, if we release him.
For what Security can make us safe ?

What Bonds that can't be broke, or Acts not null'd,
When he's possess'd of absolute Dominion ?
Distaste is never wanting of the Means
To bring the disaffected into Danger :
Nor ever yet did Power want Assistance,
To stretch Suspicion into grounded Guilt.

Brad. Your Sentiments are beautiful, and well become
The shining Character your Merit bears :
In which your Skill has artfully collected
Such Images as must unhinge all Doubt.
The Lion now has run into the Toils,
Which all his Hunters cou'd not drive him into.
And shall we lose him, only on the Hope
That we can run him down whene'er we will ?
No, let's consider—He may face about ;
And, arm'd, by Nature, to destroy Mankind,
Tear his Pursuers, and escape for ever.

Crom. Like freeborn *Englishmen* you justly argue,
And build each Sentence on the Force of Reason.
Your Words, like Mirrors, image true Resemblance,
And bring the Vengeance of our Wrongs in View ;
Which seek Redress, and speedily shall have it.—
Come, let us go. By now, our Friends are met,
And want, no doubt, the worthy President,
To open, and to hold the Court of Justice :
Where injur'd Liberty may stretch her Neck,
And dare to taunt the Tyrant to his Face. [*Going.*

Brad. But stay, my Lord,
There's one Thing more, that none of us have thought on:
An Executioner.

Crom. 'Tis very true ; and of the last Importance ;

Since

OLIVER CROMWELL. 67

Since few will care to undertake the Task :
And 'tis a Service not to be compell'd,
Or forc'd on any one, where Will is wanting.

Iret. Alas, our Power is impotent indeed !
If we, who've cut Delinquency in twain,
And have both Life and Fortunes in our Gift,
Can want an able Minister for this :
Is *Charles* a Saint ? Or is he Murder-Proof ?
Wears he Divinity, or can convert
The hardy Headsman to a Prosclyte ?

No —

The Man's meer Man ; and scarcely has Humanity
Enough to sort him from a Beast of Prey :
Let us but set the Pulpiteers to work,
And they'll soon find a Workman to our Wish.
Hugh Peters, singly, can inspire five hundred ;
That joyfully wou'd suffer even Martyrdom,
To gain the Merit of destroying him.

Crom. In case the common Hangman shou'd refuse,
Or be dispirited by undue Influence,
I've thought of one, on whom we may depend :
Th' intrepid *Joyce*, insensible to Fear,
Of Heaven or Hell, or any Power existing,
Will readily and boldly undertake
To end the daring Work himself began.
Let *Peters* sound him, as his own meer Motion,
And try, by distant Hints, how he's affected ;
That we, in time, may not be unprovided,
In case his unsuspected Resolution
Shou'd vary from the Point it us'd to fix at.

Iret. It shall be done — But *Joyce* is grown hot-headed,
Factious and discontented with your Favours,
And rates us in his Debt.

Crom. No matter. This will raise his Expectations,

68 OLIVER CROMWELL.

And give him Colour for a greater Claim,
Which we can satisfy with Ease hereafter,
By shooting him for a foul Mutineer :
Such the Reward I gave the Agitators,
Who, undesigning, serv'd my secret Purpose,
And gave the mortal Wound to *Charles* and Monarchy.
Then stay we not to seize the captive State,
And raise our common Empire on his Fate. [Exeunt.



A C T II.

S C E N E, *WHITEHALL.*

Enter BUTLER and SEYMOUR.

S E Y M O U R.

WELL, my Friend *Butler*, what News bring you from the Devil's Tribunal; the High Court of Justice?

But. Most shocking News, too horrid to repeat.

Sey. Oh, let me hear it, be it e'er so black.

But. O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, at the King's Distress, I can't describe the Horrors I have seen.

Sey. Tho' I must hear it with a painful Ear ; Yet speak the Treatment of the injur'd Prince, Whom they have brought, in mockery of Justice, To hear Contagion from their blasting Lips.

But. Know then, that as the pious, captive King, Patient and meek, was passing through his Guards, (A pack of Blood-Hounds, like the infernal Crew, That guard each Avenue that leads to Heav'n,) Some

Some of the Villains with most impious daring
Spit in the Face of sacred Majesty.—

Sey. Spit in his Face!—Oh! Insolence prophane!
What said the suffering Saint? [kerchief.

But. Nothing.—But wip'd it, mildly, with his Hand—
When presently another, with a lighted Pipe,
Puff'd the hot, hated Fumes of his Tobacco,
Full in the Nostrils of th' afflicted King.
Others, to mock the waining Monarch's Fall,
Strew'd broken Pipes, and Potsherds in his way:
And one poor, honest Soul, for only saying,
The Lord above be merciful unto him,
Was straight knock'd down, and never rose up more.
Soldiers, instructed by their base Commander,
The savage *Axtel*, once a Grocer's Prentice,
Set fire to Powder in their open Palms,
And flash'd the suffocating, hellish Sulphur,
Like ministerial Devils, in his Face.

Sey. You stab me deeper than a Dagger's Length.

But. Others in different Herds, cry'd Justice, Justice!
And some bawl'd out for Execution straight:
As if the King had darted Poison round him,
And wou'd contaminate the Air he breath'd in.

Sey. Most execrable Villains!

But. And one officious Rascal, rudely prest
The King, to purge his spotless Soul to him:
To make Confession of his Father's Murder,
The *Irish* Massacre, and *Strafford's* Guilt.

Sey. No more:—It is too much for human Patience.—
But is the King acquitted or condemn'd?

But. Neither, as yet: For he disputes the Power
Which they assume, to judge their lawful King.
And, till in that they give him Satisfaction,
Refuses boldly to be try'd at all.

70 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sey. Oh with what Lustre does true Majesty
Dart its keen, princely Rays thro' all Misfortunes !
The Sun, tho' clouded round with haizy Vapours,
Leaves not the World in doubt that it is Day.

Charles, tho' in Fetters, is imperial still.

But. Alas, no Obstacle can stop the Villains,
That dare to call their Sovereign to a Bar !
The King's Refusal is a dangerous Snare,
Which neither he, nor all his Friends foresaw :
For *Bradshaw*, with a quaint Device of *Satan's*,
Has by Refinement, made it a Contempt,
Of equal Penalty with standing Mute,
Or pleading guilty to their foul Indictment.

Sey. O *England's* Genius, whither art thou fled ?
Or what dire Substitute now fills thy Place ?
That Heaven's anointed King, thy eldest Care,
Shou'd meet such barbarous, ignominious Treatment !
Inhuman, upstart Dog, vile Petty-fogger !
Unworthy to behold the Face of Day,
Much less to sit in Judgment on his King !
But this is *Cromwell's* matchless Policy.
Oh cou'd we ease the Earth of such a Burden,
As that Arch-rebel makes her bear with Sorrow,
Gladly all Nature wou'd rejoice and rise,
Which now shrinks back at his atrocious Name.

But. What Method can be took to do't with Safety ?

Sey. Safety, my Friend ! talk not to me of Safety,
When Good so infinite attends the Danger.—
And can't thou think that *Seymour* wants a way ?
Here's what will reach him ; and it is but losing

[*Shewing a Pistol.*
This worthless Life, to balance with the Traitor's,
And serve my King, my Country, and my God !

But. Your Zeal, my worthy Friend, outsteps your
Reason,
And

OLIVER CROMWELL. 71

And makes you careleſs of a Life, more worth
Than whole Battalions of ſuch Lives as his.

Sey. 'Tis my devoted Purpose, firm Resolve.
And if I'm happy in the Execution,
To piece-meals let their furious Vengeance tear me,
And linger out my Exit Inch by Inch ;
Rack me with all the new-invented Tortures,
Their Friend the Devil, and themſelves can ſtudy :
Gladly I'll ſuffer, and be Years in dying ;
Only to reap that ſingle Satisfaction.
Behold an Opportunity, the moft adroit,
The Traitor now is coming from the Court.
Fly, fly, and farewell, Friend, leſt you're involv'd,
And brought in question for an Act my own.

[Pushes him off.

And now, just Heaven, direct the Bullet right,
That it may reach the Villain's canker'd Heart.

Enter Cromwell, Ireton, and Peters,

At the ſecond Entrance ; whilſt Seymour ſteps to another
Wing, and, round the Corner, fires a Pistol at Cromwell's
Breath, and runs off.

Crom. Have mercy, Heaven ! [Villain.

Iret. How is my Lord ? Peters, run, and ſtop the
Peters. Treafon, Treafon ! Shall I call the Guard ?

Crom. No, no, it is no matter. Th' Aſſassin's known.

'Twas Seymour.—But, the Lord be praiſ'd, I'm well.

A friendly Button broke the Bullet's Force,
And ſav'd my honest Heart for better Purpoſes.

Pet. This is a great Deliverance indeed !

Iret. Vile, daring, barbarous Dog ! What Life's ſecure,
If ſuch fell Ruffians are allow'd to range !
Both Saints and Sinners walk in equal Danger :

72 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Self-preservation, Nature's premier Law,
Calls loudly for the total Extirpation
Of every Branch of that corrupted Party.
Their Chief arraign'd, denies our Jurisdiction :
For which Default, and this, we must proceed
To hasten Judgment, and his Execution.

Crom. It shall be done, and done directly too,
Lest some mad busy Demon intervene,
And so divert the Course of Heavenly Justice.
Let him be decollated on a Scaffold
Erected at his own forsaken Gates :
That *Haman* like, he may be signaliz'd,
And meet a seasonable Recrimination,
For all his Wickedness against the Faithful.

Pet. Spoke like a Prophet.
But, to make the Type compleat,
Let him be hang'd, much rather than beheaded,
For such a Gallows wou'd fulfil the Scripture.

Crom. Were we to act by Measure, his Deserts
Wou'd raise a Gibbet for him ten times higher :
But we must please the People, who may suffer
His Exit one way, tho' they won't the other.
Haste, [To Ireton.] and let *Bradshaw* know how we're
compell'd

To drive his lingering Fate for our own Safety.
Let him prepare the Court for passing Judgment,
Since *Charles's* Silence speaks him loudly guilty.

Iret. Necessity is paramount to Law ;
By which the Wise will vindicate our Conduct,
And say we did what *Cato* wou'd have done.

Pet. Yea, it's very true ; go we then together.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Iret.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Clay. Good Day to my Lord and Father.

Crom. My Daughter *Claypole*, a good Day to thee :
But why those Looks of Anguish and of Sorrow ?

Clay. O Sir, I'm strangely griev'd at your Proceedings,
And those of this unwarrantable Court.

My boding, bleeding Heart foretels Destruction
Must follow hard upon this impious Act.

Charles, tho' misled, is yet our rightful King,
By Law, by Birthright, and the Kingdom's Suffrage ;
Anointed by the Hands we then call'd holy,
In Sight of Heaven, and the applauding Nation.

Crom. 'Tis true, my Daughter. But who made that Law ?

Clay. You know I only can reply, the People :
And from that Answer you'll an Inference draw,
That those that build a House may pull it down.
But, oh, remember, ere you strike, the Ark
Was fatal to the Touch of careful *Uzzab*.
Then let not such dull Sophistry mislead
My honour'd, injur'd, public-minded Father :
For Heaven's Indulgence to our Crimes below,
Suspends the Bolt but till the Measure's full :
Forgets not, but forbears, until our Sins
Are ripe for Satan's everlasting Fires. [Breast

Crom. Your Words are wounding, and wou'd shock the
Of any Mortal, not well arm'd with Innocence.
But, cou'd they dart more deep, they wou'd not touch
The faultless Duty of Obedience.

I'm but the Servant of the Commonwealth,
And bound, by Oath, their Orders to obey :
So *Charles's* Death, if e'er it comes to that,
Must not be charg'd to mine, but their Account.

Clay. Forgive me, Sir, if Duty for your Safety

74 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Prompts me beyond the Decency of Rules ;
'Tis filial Piety that makes me bold,
And dare to call what you assert in question.
Most of the Vermin, that you now call Masters,
Are wicked, cringing Creatures of your own :
That only move as you direct the Helm,
And dare do nought but what you dictate to 'em.
I heard your Orders to my brother Ireton;
Whose Animosity's so firmly rooted,
That, like a Falcon striking at a Dove,
He flies impetuous to outdo Command.
But kindest, dearest, venerable Father,
Call, O recal, before it is too late,
Your over-hasty Orders for his Sentence. [Daughter,

Crom. Why labours thus, my dearest, best-lov'd
To save the greatest Enemy I have ?

Charles is the only Bar to my Ambition,
The Nation's Happiness, and our own Safety :
His worthless Life a Faction keeps alive,
That every Day conspires thy Father's Death :
See here this broken Button, scarce yet cold,
Thus torn by one of their malignant Bullets ;
Discharg'd by *Seymour's* bloody Hand, just now,
With murderous Purpose, at my spotless Heart.

Clay. Oh, you've confirm'd me now in all my Fears !
Stop, my dear Father, I conjure you, stop,
And do not execute your Purpose on the King.
His Friends are Furies, and will never cease
Attempts like this, tho' ne'er so rash and desperate,
'Till they have laid you welt'ring in your Gore,
A ghastly, lifeless Sacrifice to him.

Crom. Your Fears are womanish, and have no weight
On one so daily conversant with Dangers :
Death is a Debt we all must some time pay ;

And

OLIVER CROMWELL. 75

And he, that fears the Time, dies more than once.
But I've a supernatural Protection ;
A Guard invisible, of no earthly Kind,
That keeps me hurtless, in the Time of Danger :
In whom I trust, above the Arm of Flesh,
The brazen Breast-plate, or the Coat of Steel.

Clay. Oh how those shadowy Words increase my Fears !
And more confirm me in the Truth of Rumour.
Tell me, O tell me, dearest Parent, tell me,
What Explication hangs upon their Tenor.

Crom. What is the Rumour ? Pr'ythee tell to me.

Clay. That your Successes in the Field and Senate,
In which you triumph over all Opposers,
Are not th' Atchievements of a mortal Power,
But those of some fell Minister of Darkness.

Crom. Thus wicked, ignorant, undeserving Men,
Interpret all the Gifts that they partake not,
To come from Hell, much rather than from Heaven ;
Because they've no Acquaintance with the latter.
Good Angels guard the Actions of good Men ;
And one, that long since promis'd I shou'd prove
The greatest Man in *England*, ere I dy'd,
Has guided me in all my Actions since. [Knocking without.]
But, Daughter, hence.—The Noise you hear forewarns
The swift Approach of him we now discourse of :
A Warning, to expect me by myself,
To hear some weighty, necessary Secret.

Clay. Mercy, good Heaven, and defend my Father !
But, O Sir, I must beg you'll let me stay,
And see this faithful visionary Messenger. [Knock again.]

Crom. That Knock forbids it.—On your Duty hence.

[Pushes her off gently.]

Clay. O holy, blessed, Everlasting—! [Exit.]

An Apparition in a long Cloke rises.

Appar. Do not obey the Dictates of thy Daughter ;
Nor yet recede from what thou hast design'd :
Destroy the Captive King, and raise thy self,
To rule despotic over his Dominions. [Sinks.]

Crom. That Acquisition is my only Point ;
The sole and perfect End of my Ambition :
The Crown of all my Study, and my Toil,
Dissimulation, Perfidy, and Bloodshed :
The Prize, for which I've sacrific'd myself,
My Country, Conscience, Quiet, and my Soul.

Enter Hugh Peters.

Peters. My Lord, I've spoken with *Joyce*, about the Execution of the Criminal, and he has recommended me to *Hewlet*, as a much properer Headsman : For being by Trade a Butcher, and used to such sort of Bus'ness, he thinks he'll be very dextrous at it.

Crom. I wou'd have one that can do it well. The cleaner it is done, Master *Peters*, the less Pity it will create. Care must be taken that he is not out of the way. 'Twill be no bad Method, to secure him with a Guard. I'll have it so. And to bar Accidents, as he may be ill, or incapable, I'll have another Headsman ready on the Scaffold. So find me out some other dextrous Butcher like himself. [other.]

Peters. My Lord, 'tis needless. — We shall want no The Man's resolv'd ;
Is ignorant, zealous, needy, and inhuman.
And when I broke the bloody Bus'ness to him,
He wou'd not stay to hear the great Reward,
But wish'd impatiently to do the Work.
But still, to gratify your Circumspection,
There shall be one in whom you may confide,

OLIVER CROMWELL. 177

Of Strength, Activity, and Zeal sufficient.

I'll wait myself, upon the great Event,
Disguis'd in coarse Apparel, like the Hangman,
With Visage mask'd, and weapon'd with an Ax,
I'll mount the Scaffold, and support the Headsmen :
Or on Occasion do the sacred Deed.

Crom. Your zealous Service shan't go unrewarded.

Peters. O that the whole malignant Band of Sin,
The Cavaliers had but one single Neck,
With Joy and Vigour I should lift the Ax,
To coup Oppression, Tyranny and Pride. [ment?

Crom. How does the Pris'ner bear his close Confine-

Peters. With his usual Pride, and sullen Disposition.

Crom. Shews he no Contrition?

Peters. No, my Lord, he's quite obstinate, like a
Heathen as he is.

I have try'd to bring him to a Sense of his Condition,
And have offer'd him my Mediation with the Powers
above;

But vain my Admonition and Endeavours.

He —

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, one of the Commissioners from Scotland, desires to be admitted.

Crom. Let him come in.

[Exit Gent.

I can prognosticate his Bus'ness here.

But his Solicitation is in vain,

However earnest.—I shall only temporize,

And keep him in suspense, till *Charles* is dead.

Enter Commiffioner.

Com. My Lord, I have brought you Salutations from the Parliament of Scotland.

Crom.

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Crom. Sir, I receive 'em with all due Reverence.

Com. The Scotch Nation, are Men of Honour and Integrity; and calling to mind the Tenor of the Covenant, by which they swore to preserve, inviolate, the Person of the King; and understanding that he is now in imminent Danger from the High-Court of Justice, of which your Honour is a principal Member, they have sent me to signify their dislike, and to protest against such extraordinary Proceedings.

Crom. Sir, I hope the Parliament of *Scotland* have well consider'd the Nature of the Regal Power—Kings have their Authority only in Trust from the People, and a Breach of Trust in a King, is a more flagrant Crime than it can be in any other Person. By the Covenant, we are bound to bring all Malignants and Incendiaries to condign Punishment: And shou'd we now excuse the grand Offender of all, what will the World say of our Justice? Won't they call it partial? Have you not punish'd those that join'd with *Montrose*, and other less Delinquents, that only acted by Commission from the King? And wou'd you let the Principal of all Escape?

Com. If the Parliament of *England* persists in this Thing, it will make a Breach between the two Nations; which, I say, Heaven forbid. But we expect to have the King us'd with Honour and Dignity.

Crom. Sir, the Parliament of *England* are Men of the greatest Godliness, and walk uprightly in all their Doings.

Peters. Yeā, and seek the Truth early and late, and never enter upon any Work, without Prayer, Fasting, and Humiliation. And if the Heart of *Charles* is become sincere, and he truly repent himself of the Evil, and will take the Covenant, and remain stedfast, not a Hair of his Head shall fall to the Ground: For the Parliament of *England* does every thing in the Fear of the most High.

Com.

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Com. What Answer shall I return to those that sent me, my Lord, on your Part?

Crom. Sir, I think the Scotch Nation assume a Right that they have no Title to. You sold the King, and had the Money; and dear enough we bought him.

Com. Sold him! Give me Patience, Heaven! We receiv'd the Arrears that were due to our Army, but did not sell the King.—But if we did, pray, who bought him? And for what purpose did you buy him? Only to shed his royal Blood? Release him, and we will repay the Money.

Crom. Sir, 'twill be best to apply to the Parliament.

Peters. Thou need'st not be so earnest for the Safety of the Man: He'll be safe enough. And now, is well attended, cloth'd and fed.

Com. He is our Countryman and King; and we are resolv'd to obtain his Release. And if you think not proper to restore him to his Throne again in *England*, we will make him King again in *Scotland*, and he shall keep his Court at *Edinburgh*.

Crom. 'Tis true, he was born in *Scotland*, but *England* was at the Charge of bringing him up: And pretty chargeable it has been, since his voracious Appetite has digest'd more Gold and Blood than all the Princes since the Conquest. And lo, had you kept him in *Scotland* till this Time, it had been happy for old *England*.

Com. He is a good Prince, and surrender'd himself into our good Confidence, for the Peace of the People: And wrote to *Montrose* in *Scotland*, and to all his Commanders in *England*, to evacuate and disband; and advis'd us to march homewards, upon a Presumption that the good People of *England* wou'd disband too, as there wou'd then be no Enemy to look them in the Face. And as we imagin'd the Parliament of *England* as well inclin'd

to Peace as ourselves, and no less affected to the Person of the King, when stripp'd of his evil Counsellors, according to their frequent Declarations, we easily parted with the King upon their Request: But not to make a Criminal of him.

Crom. If *Charles* had given such Orders at the Head of a powerful Army, and thrown himself into the equitable Arms of his Parliament, it had been a virtuous Condescension; a princely Act indeed, and shewn a fatherly Affection for his People. But this is a Virtue shot out of Necessity, to surrend' up the Power he cou'd no longer keep.

Peters. 'Tis a bastard Virtue, a base-born Virtue: And as base truly signifies the bottom, 'tis mine A—e of a Virtue: Which is no Virtue at all.

Crom. Sir, I speak to you.

[*To Crom.*

Crom. As the Fate of every Man was settled before the Creation was finish'd, your Solicitation on the King's Behalf is of no Effect. And as to your Address to me, I am but a single Member, an Individual of the Parliament of *England*; to whom, I say again, it wou'd be proper to apply. We shall proceed but warily in his Affairs: So you will have Time enough.

Crom. Your Influence, my Lord, wou'd advance us more than any Thing else. Let us have that, and *Scotland* will remember it.

[*Friend.*

Crom. Shou'd Matters run to Extremity, I shall be a

Crom. Your Lordship's Goodness will be green and fragrant.

[*Exit.*

Crom. I wish you a Good-day.—Master *Peters*, pray send my Daughter *Claypole* hither.

Pet. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Crom. O curs'd Ambition, that invades my Quiet, And hurries me with restless Force to Greatnes,

T

To whom am I a Debtor for thy Gift?
My worthy Sire was honest *Cromwell* call'd :
An upright, peaceful, charitable Man ;
Without one sinful or aspiring Thought :
My Mother, envious of no greater Glory
Than that of being a good Neighbour counted :
Then whence cou'd I, their Offspring, suck this Pois'on,
That actuates every Nerve and Sense about me ?
That makes me personate the greatest Sanctity,
Only to hide my being the greatest Villain.

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Daughter, I charge thee, on thy best Obedience,
To tell to none what thou hast heard to Day :
Not even to thy Husband.

His weakly Fabrick was not built to bear
The weight of such a Secret.

Your foolish Love, which I'm ashame'd to speak of,
Has match'd you, most unequal to yourself :
Since I shall quickly be a Sovereign Prince,
And wield the idle Scepter of the Kingdom.

Clay. His want of Policy is well supply'd
By downy Ease, and unaspiring Thoughts :
Tasteless of Grandeur, he is ever chearful ;
Adores his Wife, and is an honest Man.

Crom. These Gifts fit well upon a private Person,
But you shou'd recollect who is your Father :
In vain I struggl'd for your Elevation,
To match you nobly, and to make you great ;
Since you, in opposition to my Scheme,,
Must needs desert the starry Orb in view,
To be a Glow-worm, and enlighten Dirt :
He may be honest, indolent and loving,
But yet unfit to wed a Prince's Daughter.

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A rising Monarch, ere his State is ripe,
Shou'd make Alliances with stronger Men ;
Whose Arms are able to reduce Revolters,
And prop, with Vigour, the unestablish'd Throne.

Clay. 'Tis pain to me to hear you thus reproach
My lawful Husband, and elected Love :
Therefore I beg, my Lord, you wou'd excuse
My mean Attendance, till you change the Subject :
Or think less rigorous of your Daughter's Failings. [Exit.]

Crom. What one erects, another soon pulls down,
The Mind of Man is like the World he lives in,
Compos'd of Variations, Rounds, and Circles,
That change, and alter daily in their Course.
Alas, my Children take not after me :
They want Ambition, that *Promethean* Spark,
That leads to Glory, Fame, and Immortality.

Thus *Alexander*, by Ambition fir'd,
To no less Conquest than the World aspir'd ;
But finding such a Monarchy below
Of short Duration, fill'd with Cares and Woe,
O'er *Libya*'s burning Sands with Ardor rode,
And, scorning Kingship, made himself a God. [Exit.]



A C T III.

S C E N E, Whitehall. *The Council of State.*

Bradshaw, Cromwell, Whitelock, Ludlow, &c.

B R A D S H A W.

MAY it please your Honours, your just Sentence upon the late *Charles Stuart*, some time permitted to be King of these Realms, having been regularly carry'd into Execution, by separating his Head from his Body, I humbly presume to put your Honours in mind of making some Establishment for the Governance of this Commonwealth, and the public Tranquillity.

Crom. The Lord President has well spoken: And if it be pleasing to your Honours, let the Gentlemen, now present, be a standing Committee or Council of State for the Management thereof.

Omnes. Ay, ay, agreed, agreed.

Crom. In the first Place then, it will be highly necessary to abolish Kingship, and a House of Peers, for ever in these Nations: And to enter into an Engagement, upon Oath, for the due Performance thereof.

Omnes. Ay, ay, agreed.

Brad. As for Kingship, 'tis a needless Office; since the Burden of a Prince's Rule must be borne by the Shoulders of the People.

Crom. Very true. And ha'n't we the Lord General *Fairfax* to take care of the Army, and other able Members to take care of the State? As the Earl of *Warwick*

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for the Fleet, my Friend *Whitelock* for the Great Seal, Mr. *Saint-John* for the Court of Upper Bench, Sir *Harry Vane* for the Secretary's Office, and the Earl of *Pembroke* for the Treasury.

Lud. We can do as well without a King hereafter, as we have done these six Years past: And for the Ease of the People, the Land may be divided, like the Land of *Canaan*, into Tetrarchies; and plac'd in such Hands as are firm to ourselves and the Commonwealth.

Omnis. Yea, let it be so. For we'll have no King, but the King of Heaven.

Lud. I can govern the West, General *Fleetwood* the East, my Friend *Lambert* the North, Colonel *Desborough* the South, and Major-General *Skippon* the City.

Crom. Your Model may be good; and will upon Examination be undoubtedly approved of: But as all Flesh is weak, and we are unable to do any kind of Work, without the Assistance and Guidance of the great Creator, let us go hence, and seek the Giver of all good Gifts; and sanctify ourselves before we enter upon the Election of these chosen Vessels; that our Hands may be pure, and our Hearts undefiled, and the great Work of the Nation blessed thereby.

Lud. Yea, with one accord let us seek his Name; and give him Praise and Thanksgiving for our Election and Success.

Brad. Let us have a Fast.

Lud. Yea, and a Thanksgiving too.

Brad. We will fast and pray.

Whit. And rejoice also.

Crom. Yea, verily,

For his Ways are wonderful.

Lud. No Work shou'd be undertaken without Prayer; Nor ended, but with it.

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Crom. My Heart is lifted up ten times a Day ; and I neither rise up, nor sit down ; go in, nor come forth, without Prayer.

Brad. Nor I, verily. And we see how they prosper that hold us in derision for it. But the Time is now come, wherein the Household of Faith prevaileth, and they must mock no more.

Lud. Nay, for we have cut off the Head of the Beast ; and smote his Followers under the fifth Rib.

Crom. The Kings of the Earth shall now fall down to us for help in Adversity ; and their People shall cry aloud to us for Succour.

Brad. And when this good Fruit doth fully appear, the whole Nation will cry,—Blessed are ye among Men, and honourable are ye in the Sight of the People.

Lud. We will rule the Land with Justice and Equity : And do that which is righteous in the Eyes of the Lord, whom we are going to seek.

Crom. Let us intreat Master *Hugh Peters* to assist our Supplications ; he is full of pious Breathings, and fighteth the Work of Faith under our own Banner.

Brad. He is a chosen Vessel ; One among Many, and walketh uprightly. And lo he cometh in at the Door.

Enter *Hugh Peters*.

Peters. Now, my Beloved, let us rejoice and be glad. The Sword of the Mighty has pierc'd the Loins of the Ungodly.—The great Leviathan, the crooked Serpent, the crested Basilisk is now no more. Woe to the Drunkards of *Ephraim* ! Woe to *Gad* and *Manasseb* !—The Wicked are now snar'd in their own Devices. Come, ye chosen, and bring forth your Meat-offerings, your Drink-offerings and Sacrifices. The Land shall mourn no more. The Wilderness shall be a Garden of Roses,

and the bloody Fields of Battle shall bear Corn in abundance. So up. Let us rejoice as one Man, even as a young Man, that has newly married a young, handsom, virtuous Maiden.—Stand in the Gate, and proclaim this Year to be the first Year of Freedom. Our Thraldom is at an end, our Bonds are broken; and *Jerusalem* is in Peace. Behold, the Day cometh, that all the Saints have long pray'd for. The Morning breaketh forth in Crimson, and the beauteous Flowers of the Field spread wide their odorous Cups, to drink the blooming Influence of the rising genial Sun. But now I talk of the Sun, I had yesternight a wonderful strange Dream. I dreamt in my Sleep, that I was fully awake: And that a Man in bright Raiment with a shining Countenance, came and took me by the Right-hand, saying, *Hugh*, fear thee not? I am sent from above to tell thee what to do. There is a Man among my People, a chosen Servant out of Many, whom I ordain the Captain of my Hosts; his Name is *Oliver*. Go thou unto him straight, and tell him what the Spirit saith.

Whit. This is a Revelation certainly.

Crom. If this is meant to me, I will not stay to hear it. My Lord, General *Fairfax* is an honest and a worthy Officer.

Brad. He is worthy, but lukewarm. His Wife hath bewitch'd him, and made him now another Man.

Peters. If ye intend to prosper in your Doings, ye must all be unanimous, and obey the Dictates from above. The Will of Man is not to be weigh'd against the Decrees of Eternity. And tho' the Lord *Fairfax* is unexceptionable in our Sights, yet, consider, my Beloved, how dim and purblind are the Generations of this World, to the all-seeing Penetration of him that created all Things out of Nothing.

Crom.

Crom. The Burden as well as the Honour, is above my Abilities. Therefore, I hope, this honourable Board will keep their Seats, to put a Negative thereon.

[*All rise, but some very slowly.*]

Brad. Your Honour has the undivided Suffrage of this whole Assembly: And you are now chosen by the Commonwealth of *England*, to be Commander in chief of all their Forces.

Whit. Gad forbid I shou'd gainsay the Choice ye all have made, or lessen your Esteem for the Lord General *Cromwell*, for whose extraordinary Abilities I have the greatest Regard: But having been bred to the Law, and being well acquainted with the Constitution of this Kingdom, I presume to think, that unless we hit on some Expedient, to fill up the Gap we have made in Monarchy, we shall reel a little towards Confusion.

Crom. Sir, if you have any Thing to offer for the public Good, I beg we may hear it: For I am resolv'd to decline all personal Considerations whatever, to serve the Commonwealth.

Lud. Ay, pray, Sir, let's hear it. We are all for the public Good.

Whit. The Laws of *England* are so interwoven with Headship, or Monarchy, that to make a military Commander, without giving the supreme civil Rule, which, by the Constitution, has always hitherto been center'd in one and the same Person, wou'd create Inconveniences more numerous than any human Sapience can well foresee.

Brad. Very true, therefore I am for settling Things upon a lasting Foundation, that the Mercies of the Lard may not be thrown away. But how shall Gad's Will be known, in regard to this new Office, or who shall be the Man?

88 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Peters. I have already told you.

Lud. Some nominal Representative of the national Power is strictly necessary, that all Men may know whom to apply to, as a public Officer or Governor. Such were formerly the Dictators of *Rome*; and such are now the Doges of *Venice* and *Genoa*.

Brad. 'Tis most necessary indeed. But we must use a Caution in the Choice, and give our Officer a candid Title. The Name of King is all Mens Hate; and that of Dictator will appear too absolute.

Crom. The Government of this Nation by a single Person, is now become so odious to the People, that he must be a bold Man that dares to put his Shoulders under the Load.

Peters. The great Abilities of your Honour, are only able to discharge that Trust.

Crom. Oh, there are others of superior Merit. Lord Grey, my Friend *Whitelock*, Sir *Arthur Haslerig*, and the rest of this honourable Board, that can well support the Charge thereof. But if you oblige me to accept of the Government, I am but the Nation's Servant, and must submit. But I beg I may not be call'd by the Name of King, who desire but to be the Protector of your Rights and Liberties.

Peters. Beloved, will ye hear what the Spirit saith? His Highness, *Oliver Cromwell*, is the Protector of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*; and shall rule my People with Justice, Equity and Truth,

Brad. He is most deserving of Gad's Favour. But as we regard his Welfare, we shou'd not oppress him with too much Weight. The Civil Power may be limited, and plac'd in other Hands: And as we are, many of us, capable of discharging the same with Honour, I hold it necessary that we consider of some proper

Person

OLIVER CROMWELL. 89

Person for that weighty Office. I propose Commissioner *Whitelock.*

Whit. And I propose Lord *Grey.*

Lud. And I shou'd vote for Sir *Arthur Haslerig*, were it not in derogation of the other two.

Peters. Brethren, I exhort you to Unanimity.

Lud. Silence, Priest.

Peters. Priest! I am no Priest; I am none of the Worshippers of *Baal*, thou Babler. I am a Prophet, and a true Prophet, sent from the most High.

Lud. There have been false Prophets, and thou art one: Wolves in Sheeps Clothing, and some in Clokes.

Peters. I am no Devourer of Widows Houses, nor Orphans Lands.

Lud. But thou hast been the Trumpeter of Sedition, and now exhortest to Unanimity. We will be unanimous and act conjunctly for the Nation's Safety.

Crom. I am sorry for this Schism, and will withdraw.

[Exit.]

Brad. The Lord General takes it ill.

Peters. And so shall the Lard above. [Exit.]

Whit. I'm sorry the Lord President shou'd do me the Honour to create this Breach.

Lud. We might as well have kept the Tyrant we had, as to set up another. What wou'd the World say then? That we had laid the Ax to the Root of the Cedar, and planted the Place with an over-grown Bramble. There seems to be some sinister Doings in all this. There is a rank Root, Gentlemen, call'd Ambition, that when once it gets into your Grounds, is like Twitch-grass, you may dig it, and weed it, to the Day of Judgment, but you'll never eradicate it. I wish this honest, self-denying Patriot, *Oliver Cromwell*, is not over-run with it. *Peters* is his Creature, his Mouth, and

and dares not utter any thing his Patron disapproves of. This will be pleasing News to the House, to hear their Servant is become their Master! — No, no, it must not be. We have already gone too far, and must of course rest here.

Wbit. Time will best shew us what we want. In the interim, we will let as many things as possible run in their old Channels; lest too much Innovation bring a general Confusion.

Brad. If it be the Pleasure of your Honours, we will now go to *Margaret's*, and crave a Blessing.

Omnēs. Yea, we will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Whitehall-Gate.*

Cromwell and Ireton meet.

Iret. I wish your Lordship Joy.

Crom. I thank you, Son; but fear I shall not find The Joy you are so good to greet me with.

A Cloud o'ershades the Sun-shine of my Grandeur, And robs my Heaven of more than half its Brightness.

Iret. If the Similitude is just, my Lord, A little Time will clarify your Sky: Like Morning Mists, the Gloom will glide away, And leave your Beams too glorious to be gaz'd at. The Way to Greatnes is a steep Ascent, Which, Step by Step, we must with Patience climb; And he that hopes to gain the highest Stair, Must not be tired with the first Attempt.

Crom. The Parliament's a Rub I wou'd get rid of,— The leading Presbyterians, to a Man, And all the rotten Members of the House, For Opposition sake will stop my Progres: And whilst they keep their everlasting Seats, Rever'd, like Medals, only for their Age, And are to scan, and regulate my Actions,

OLIVER CROMWELL. 91

I shall but be —— the Image of a Ruler.

Iret. My Lord, their feeble Power is near its End.

A Board of Officers, of our own People,

By my Appointment, in your Name, are met,

To sign, and execute their Dissolution.

Go you, and head their generous noble Purpose,

Whilst I prepare the City for the Change,

But dull the Edge of no Man's rash Proposals

By reasoning on Events, howe'er improbable;

Since every One best likes his own Designs,

And will not quickly drop them for another's.

Promise to all whate'er their Hopes suggest,

And swell the Measure of the most ambitious.

Load worthless Men with mention of their Merit;

The Miser bribe, and with the Bigot pray.

Crom. Where does this military Council meet?

Iret. In your own Lodgings, where they wait and want

Your Presence to impregnate their crude Thoughts:

To lead them on, and sanctify the Action.

Crom. They shall not wait nor want me any longer.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A Board of General Officers.

Lambert, Harrison, Whalley, Ludlow, &c.

Lamb. Gentlemen, the Parliament are a parcel of self-ended Men: Men who have swallow'd up the Fat of the Land; and have left us, and the poor Soldiers we command to subsist, in a famish'd Country, unpaid.

Har. Major General Lambert is in the Right of it, they are self-seeking Monsters indeed. So let us tumble them out headlong, and set up ourselves. We that cou'd conquer, can surely rule the Kingdom better than they can. Besides, we shall never prosper whilst this

Parliament

92 *OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Parliament continues, who are made up of Whoremongers, Drunkards, unjust and corrupt Men; Men that are scandalous to the Profession of the Gospel, and not fit to sit as a Parliament any longer.

Lamb. Let us set up the Lord General *Cromwell*, as a Director of the State, and constitute ourselves the Officers of the Army to be his Privy-Council, Brother *Harrison*.

Whal. Let us make him Lord Mayor of *England*, and ourselves the Aldermen.

Har. Any thing, Brother *Whalley*, but King; for we'll have no King, but the King of Grace, and no Soldiers, but Saints. Seventy of which shall be the standing Council of the Nation, answerable to the Sanhedrim of the Jews, the ancient chosen People of Heaven.

Lud. I wou'd not willingly make a Division in your Counsels, my godly Friends, nor utter a Syllable against the Lord General *Cromwell*; but I have some Scruples, in relation to the Parliament, that tye up my Tongue, as well as my Hands, from being consenting to so desperate a Proceeding. The Parliament of *England* in their congregate Body, is a sanctify'd Assembly of venerable Patriots, whom it is impious to violate. Some of the Members, indeed, may be corrupt, and may, without Offence, be lopt off from the rest: But to annihilate the whole Trunk, because it has rotten Branches, wou'd be a Solecism prodigious. Let us weed that august Garden, and pick out the Tares from the Wheat, but never, never let us dare to think of destroying the wholsom Herbage of so fine a Soil.

Har. There may be a few innocent Persons, as there was in *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and every one of us may have a Friend amongst them, whom we shou'd be glad to favour: But, to shew our Justice and Impartiality, I think

OLIVER CROMWELL. 93

think it best to dissolve the whole Body ; and, out of their Ashes, to cull out the Cinders and sound Coals, to warm our Noses by, another Season.

Lamb. These Parliamentarians, who have sat so long, are now as so many Kings ; or, rather, Tyrants. Don't they enslave the whole Nation, by making and unmaking what Laws they please ? Don't they raise what Money they can, and dispose of it, as they think fit ? Enrich their own private Families, and impoverish the Commonwealth ? Lay Loads upon the Soldiers, and —

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. So, my right godly, martial Friends, you are well assembl'd. Pray what is the Result of your seasonable Consultation ?

Lamb. My Lord, we are so neglected by this despicable Remnant of a Parliament, that we are come to a Resolution to dissolve that Body, and choose a Head.

Crom. God forbid ! We have had enough of Headship already, I think. And who is the worthy Person you have pitch'd upon, for that Honour, pray ?

Lamb. As *Nathan* said to *David*, *Thou art the Man.* Who is so fit and worthy as your Lordship ? And to take away the Odium of such an Office, by the prudent Advice of Master *Hugh Peters*, we shall call you our PROTECTOR : A Title that cannot fail of pleasing the People, and giving them a true Idea of something grand and good, majestic and merciful.

Crom. That beneficent Name that makes me the Father of my Country, and the Pastor of the People, is the only Inducement that cou'd prevail upon me to take so extraordinary a Step : For which unmerited Honour, Gentlemen, I return you all my Thanks ; and promise,

my

94 OLIVER CROMWELL.

my Endeavours shall be always answerable to your Esteem, in discharging my Office with Justice and Equity.

Har. But your Lordship is not to keep the Office always; you are only chosen to fill up the Inter-regnum; and must give place to the King of Mercy, whenever he comes.

Crom. That, Sir, I shall do, most willingly.

Har. Then let us go hence, and dissolve those Scoundrels that call themselves the Parliament of *England*; who have engross'd all the lucrative Places; and govern the Nation with more Tyranny, than the thirty Rascals of old did the People of *Athens*.

Whal. They are now at Church; so we have nothing to do but lock up the House-Doors, and set a Guard thereon.

Lud. So arbitrary a Method will be condemn'd by all sober People, and will be no Dissolution, since they can meet in another House, and call themselves a Parliament still. It must be their own Act and Deed.

Crom. Gentler Methods shou'd first be try'd. There are some wise Men amongst them, whose honest Arguments may prevail upon the rest, to hear Reason, and be convinc'd. If not, Force may be the last Resort.

Lamb. The Lord Protector has well spoken. So let us meet there in the Afternoon, and act as we find occasion.

Har. 'Tis my Advice, that a chosen Party of three hundred Men may wait our Orders without.

Crom. The Advice is good, my worthy Friend, and you shall have them. I'll go this moment, and give the necessary Orders for their Muster. [Exit.]

Lud. Brother *Harrison*, your Advice was a little premature. To bring a Force upon the House, and turn the Members out of Doors, is worse than purging of it before.

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before. But, I hope, the Lord General will think better of it.

Har. Perhaps he may. I have bespoken a Dinner at the *Lion*, Gentlemen.

Lamb. We will attend you, Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Cromwell, meeting Mrs. Claypole.

Clay. O Madam, you are well met. I was going to look for you.

Mrs. Crom. Daughter, you are welcome. This Interview I wanted more than you : The Presence of a Child, so wise and good, May give some Comfort to a mournful Mother : Your Father's haughty Soul, and boundless Grasp, That, like the Welkin, stretches over all, And makes him fretful, full, and severe, Distracts my Quiet, and makes Life a Burden : Impatient to be King, he drops his Caution ; And scarce remembers, lately, to dissemble : His Sleep, and Appetite, and Mind are broken ; And all that's kind and laudable have left him. Beneath his Cloaths he wears a Shirt of Mail, And starts at every little Noise he hears : Commands, and countermands with Inconsistency ; And, looking wildly, holds Discourse with Air. So chang'd, he's now a Stranger to himself, To Heaven, and me, and all his dearest Friends : Oh, had we never left the rural Life ! The pleasing Life of Innocence and Love, To build on vain Ambition's sandy Base A stately Tow'r, the Mark of Storm and Tempest, And all the while inhabited within By Fears and Terrors, and a World of Woes : So had we liv'd unenvied, unperplex'd,

And

96 OLIVER CROMWELL.

And ne'er had known this wildfire of Affliction,
That burns to gain an unavailing Name!

We must endeavour to restore his Mind,

And bring him back to Reason and himself :

Find out Expedients to divert the Torrent,

And make him see the Precipice before him.

My Hopes depend on you, his darling Daughter,

To whom he'll hearken, and the soonest bend :

So use your Influence to effect this Miracle,

And drive the dazzling Phantom from his View ;

The airy, undesirable Nothing,

That yet disturbs his Soul with real Pain.

Clay. Bid me to tear up Mountains by their Roots,

To drain the Deep, or to obscure the Sun ;

To prop the Heavens, or to raise the Dead,

And I shall choose them, as the easier Task :

Ambition and Rebellion came from Hell ;

The Devil himself first practis'd them in Heaven ;

And whosoe'er is tainted with their Gifts,

Remains devoted to their Ills for ever :

If not to you, the Partner of his Bed,

He will not, sure, to me prove flexible :

He will not, did I say ? O Heav'ns, he cannot !

His daring Soul not finding upon Earth

Sufficient Power to attain Dominion,

Has purchas'd, if the general Rumour's right,

A short, but damn'd Commission from the Devil.

Mrs. Crom. Rumour's the greatest Liar upon Earth ;

And this Report of him must be impossible :

As well the World might say, of every one

Whom Heaven indulges with a prosperous Gale,

That their good Fortune issues from the Devil.

Clay. But give me leave to say with heart-sore Grief ;

The cursed Contract, that you disbelieve,

My Father has, in part, made known to me :
Nay, I have heard the supernatural Power
Give him the direful Summons to his Duty. [is sick.]

Mrs. Crom. Your Faith's too credulous, or your Brain
Your Father, if, indeed, engag'd with Hell,
Wou'd never trust his Purpose to a Woman,
Nor suffer you to know his real Intentions :
He might, 'tis true, alarm you with a Story
Of something hideous, to amuse, or bugbear
The idle Inquisition of a Woman ;
But never, never wou'd declare, in earnest,
The true Solution of his mazy Riddles :
He's grown so intricate, I never know,
'Till Bed-time comes, what Room he likes to lodge in ;
And so suspicious too, he'll seldom lie
Two Nights together in the same Apartment :
Oh what Felicity enjoys the Conscience,
That gives Offence to neither God nor Man !
But, oh, what Tortures must the Guilty feel,
Bound to the Wheel for Life, if not for ever !

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. O Wife, and Daughter, Partners of my Soul,
Come share, with me, the Transport of my Blis !
My Joys are greater than my Breast can bear,
And call for you to catch the Overflowings :
The *English* Crown, for which I long have languish'd,
Now waits obsequiously for my Acceptance :
The Parliament will be dissolv'd ere Evening,
And I shall rule supreme o'er three great Kingdoms.

Mrs. Crom. Oh, had you never seen a Court, my Dear,
Your Joys wou'd then have been substantial Things ;
Chearful and easy, under our own Vine,
We might have eat, and drank, and slept, and lov'd ;

K

But

98 OLIVER CROMWELL.

But now, no real Pleasure can we find,
 Since you are only fond of Hopes and Shadows :
A Crown ! Forbid it, Heaven ! much easier
 Wou'd sit * a woollen Night-cap on thy Brow :
 Crowns have their Cares, as Roses have their Thorns,
 And make the happy, quiet-minded Man,
 A hapless, restless, discontented King.

Crom. Alas, poor Wretch ! Thou unambitious Woman,
 Whose tasteless, groveling Soul is form'd of Darknes,
 Without one generous Particle of Glory !
Thy servile Mind's not equal to the Lot,
 Which I, and Fortune, wou'd bestow upon thee :
 Unnatural Prodigy of all thy Sex !
Art thou a Woman, and declin'st Dominion ?
 Behold thy Daughter, of a different Mould,
 Like Scarlet, reddening at so weak a Thought :
 Her Taste is manly, noble and refin'd ;
 And justly knows the Value of a Kingdom.

Clay. O Sir, how weakly we mislead ourselves,
 By daring to expound the Countenance !
Can Looks describe the Secrets of a Bosom ;
 Or Lines and Dimples paint the dumb Man's Thoughts ?
 I blush'd, 'tis true, but 'twas for you, my Father,
 The Founder, and, I fear, Destroyer of us all :
 I blush'd to hear so great a Politician
 Expose his Folly and blind Side to Women :
 I am your Daughter, and shou'd know my Duty,
 Sooth your aspiring Hopes, and be obedient ;
 But worldly Forms are mean Considerations,
 When Hell gapes wide, to swallow up a Parent :
 For think not, Sir, this dazzling, ill-got Crown,
 Which you, perhaps, may wear a dozen Years,

* Woollen Caps were a Sign of Grace, in Cromwell's Time.

Will be a Balance for the Crown you'll lose ;
Or soften the eternal Pains hereafter !
For tho' each Diamond glister'd like a Star,
And you cou'd wear it for a thousand Years,
Without the least Uneasiness or Care,
The Punishment, a Month, wou'd overweigh it :
But what Comparison is there between
A Month and infinite Eternity ?
Eternity ! a Word, the largest Mind
Studies with vain Attempt to comprehend !
Consider too, ten thousand earthly Crowns
Are worthless Gifts, compar'd to one small Spark
Of that bright Glory, which for ever shines
And glads the Regions of the Blest, for ever !
Call down Ambition but to think of that.

Crom. These are but Notions of a weakly Brain,
Which, soft, like Wax, some Beldam has impress'd.
The idle Way our Nurfes train up Youth,
And rob Mankind of half their native Vigour :
And, as 'tis easy to improve a Cheat,
So deeply rooted, and so much indulg'd,
The Preachers raife the Fabrick of their Cant
On such Foundations, to mislead the World :
But granting there is such a Place as Hell,
And fraught with all the Torments we are told of,
I'd be a King, tho' 'twere but for a Month,
In spite of Tortures and ten thousand Devils ;
Kings are the Idols every Mortal bows to :
And if they're not the only Gods in Nature,
Are Gods on Earth, and such is my Ambition. [Father,
Clay. This, Sir, from you ! — 'Tis well you are my
Else, by the Heavenly Powers, whom you blasphem'e,
I'd tear the tainted Tongue from such a Mouth !
For know, beneath this Form, I wear a Soul

200 OLIVER CROMWELL.

As masculine and active as your own ;
That dares to vindicate its great Creator,
Against the Universe,—and, even you.

Crom. 'Tis well I love thee ; and remember too
Thy Passion flows from Principles I gave thee :
Gave thee, when young ; when I myself was ignorant,
And had not tasted of the Tree of Knowledge. [gain'd ;

Mrs. Crom. Curs'd be the fatal Knowledge you have
That has misled you from yourself and Heaven !
For had you still retain'd that State of Ignorance,
You might have liv'd in hope of future Bliss ;
Enjoy'd an easy, inoffensive Life,
That Guilt and Grandeur now deprives you of :
Oh that the vain, imaginary Notion
Of being a King, shou'd turn so strong a Brain !
That ever Man shou'd choose the Loss of Liberty,
To be a big-nam'd Pris'ner of the State !
O my good Lord, or, rather, dearest Husband,
The only Title I can give with Pleasure ;
Recal, recal, before it is too late,
These tow'ring Thoughts that lead you to Destruction !
For what is past, Forgivenes may be had,
Since Heav'n is merciful, if you repent :
And as three Kingdoms call you their Deliverer,
Glory it is enough, you need no more. [broke

Crom. Some hidden Charms, within your Words, have
My Resolution, and my Fortitude :
I'm not myself, and feel a fluttering here,

[Pointing to his Breast.]

That, till this Time, I've been a Stranger to :
Surely it's not the Plague the World calls Conscience !
Of which I've often read, and heard Men prate,
But never knew that I had one before ;
And scarcely can forbear to doubt it now :

Why

OLIVER CROMWELL. 101

Why did I tell these Tidings to a Wife,
The weak frail Pattern of true Womanhood,
That cannot conquer even the Sight of Spiders ?
Why bring my Glory to this dull Dilemma ?

Mrs. Crom. Oh how it raises my desponding Soul,
To find you have a Conscience, and Contrition !

Crom. I have a Tenderness, 'tis true, for you,
And Frailties natural to the carnal Man :
But what can Conscience now effect for me,
Who must, and will, this Moment be a King ?
Conscience ! what is it, but a Term, a Bubble,
A State Device of Knaves, t' imprison Fools,
And propagate the deep-laid Plots of Priestcraft ?
A Name that can't create the least Idea
Of ought that's rational, or comprehensive :
And yet by such an empty, idle Notion,
Which Clerks inculcate, but cannot define,
These learned Jugglers have, with ease, subdu'd
The Minds and Purses of the western World :
I'll none of it ; but straight with eager Joy
Embrace the inviting End of my Desires.

[*Exit.*]

Clay. Did ever any Prophets foretell
A Truth more sad or certain, than myself !
I told you how impossible it was
To turn the Tide of his aspiring Thoughts ;
Whose wild Ambition, boundless as the Air,
Gigantic strides o'er Kingdoms at a Step.

Mrs. Crom. Oh, he is lost ! For ever, ever lost !
Lost to his Family, himself and Heaven !
Come, let's go after him, and join our Powers
Against the Tyrant that impels his Mind :
Paint all the Horrors of a Fiend's Hereafter,
And try the Force of Woman's Perseverance ;
'Till we have thoroughly awak'd his Conscience,

And made him see the Danger that surrounds him.

Thus, like the careful Watchman of a Tower,
Who sees an Enemy from Ambush pour ;
We'll wake Security with loud Alarms,
And rouse each drowsy Centinel to Arms ;
From guileful Foes the City to defend,
And save from Death, our Father, Husband, Friend.

[Exeunt.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Parliament-House.*

The Speaker, Cromwell, Lambert, Harrison, &c. on the Floor.

Wentworth, Whalley, Ludlow, Whitelock, sitting.

C R O M W E L L,

Tell me, Say you are no longer a Parliament. Your scandalous Neglect of the publick Good, and your espousing only the Interest of yourselves, the Presbyterians, and Lawyers, who are the Supporters of Tyranny and Oppression, makes your Dissolution absolutely necessary. Therefore, resolve speedily to leave this Place, and meet no more, or I shall make the stoutest among you repent his Refusal.

Speak. This is what no Man ever expected from you, Sir.—We here represent the good People of *England*, and can be dissolv'd by no Power on Earth, save ourselves. And, as the unsettl'd State of the Nation demands our utmost Attention at this time, we shou'd be greatly wanting in our Duty, to leave things in Confusion.

Besides,

OLIVER CROMWELL. 103

Besides, Sir, we are not to be told we are no Parliament, nor menac'd out of our Power, by a Person that bears our Commission.

Crom. 'Tis to no purpose to prate now. [Stamps.] I say, again, you are no Parliament, therefore be gone, and make room for honest Men. I have fought the Lard Day and Night, that he wou'd rather slay me, than put me upon this Work; but ye have made it necessary.— Your Measure is full; your Dealings are light; you have been weigh'd in the Balances, and found wanting.

Enter Officers and Soldiers.

Come, Brother *Harrison*, hand the Gentleman down; he may be stiff with sitting so long.—Here, *Howel*, take away that Bauble. [the Mace.] Captain, clear that Row. Lieutenant, take care of those Papers.

[They retire in Confusion.]

Har. Come, Sir, I am under Orders, you hear. Shall I lend you a Hand or a Wand? Will you walk out freely, or be driven out by Force?

Speak. Sir, I am a little gouty, and beg Time.—This is a Day indeed!

[*Hobbles out very fast, Whitelock with him.*]

Har. Yes, Sir, a very clear Day, and will be a joyful Day to all the Nation, I hope. For notwithstanding Gad was pleas'd to appear for his People, in reducing *Ireland* and *Scotland* to so great a degree of Peace, and *England* to perfect Quietness, and gave you so fair an opportunity to settle all things Temporal and Spiritual upon a lasting Foundation, you have made no Progress therein, to the Grief of the Land: So out, ye Snails, ye slow-pac'd Vermin!

Lam. They do as they are bidden; they are not slow, now we have quicken'd their Pace.

104 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Wentw. The Designs of the Army are now too flagrant, to escape the Nation's Notice. [Going off.]

Crom. Hence, thou Drunkard, that livest in Adultery ! Fly after thy Fellows, and be lewd and fat ! You, and your Colleagues ; that, not thinking ye had fat long enough, were now passing an Act for perpetuating yourselves ; by which the Interests of all good Men wou'd have been laid in the Dust ; and, instead of a single Tyrant, we shou'd have had three hundred. Hideous Monsters ! But they are now no more. So every Man to his Tents, O *Israel*, and praise the Lord for this great and necessary Work. Lock up the Doors, that there may be no more Meetings here ; and follow me, your Leader, your King.

Har. How, my Lord, King !

Crom. Protector ; — it's all one : Kings are no more, and shou'd be nothing less.

Har. Sir, you are mistaken ; for the Name of King is as odious in *England*, as it was in *Rome*, after the Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Crom. The People have a small Aversion to it at present ; but a little Time and Lenity will reconcile them to it as heartily as ever.

Lud. I hope, my Lord, you have not made a stalking Horse of the Officers of the Army, for this sinister Purpose. We have fought for a Commonwealth, and a Commonwealth we will have, and not a Tyranny.

Har. No, my Lord General, we have every one of us undergone an equal Share in the Hazards of the War, and therefore ought to share as equally in the Issues thereof. And tho', in respect to your Merit, we have readily agreed to give you the Title of our Protector, it is not with a Design to let you be our Destroyer.

Crom.

OLIVER CROMWELL. 105

Crom. No, my worthy Friends, far be it from me to entertain a Thought so selfish and pernicious. I have fought for the Faith, pray'd for the Faith, and bled for the Faith; and wou'd now only finish the Faith. And since I find the empty Sound of King is disgusting to my Fellow-Labourers in the Vineyard, call me by any other Title, no matter how low or diminutive it is; a Constable or Headborough, so I am vested with Power sufficient to do the Bus'ness of the Nation: For that's the only End of my Desires.

Whal. There can be no Safety in any thing, but a Commonwealth: *For in much Council, there is much Wisdom.* And we may have a Pattern from *Venice, Genoa, or Holland.*

Lamb. 'Tis well advis'd, and will best please the People.

Crom. I am the People's Servant, in any Shape or Form; and will most readily submit to any thing for their Emolument. And as I am always lab'ring for their Advancement, I have been contriving a new Model of Government, so well balanc'd, that every Individual will bear a due Proportion of Rule, according to his real Deserts. But as ye seem not now in a proper Disposition to hearken to such a Proposal from me, I shall postpone the Intention thereof, till my Fellow-Soldiers are pleas'd to lay their Commands upon me for its Promulgation.

Lamb. We are dispos'd to hear any Thing, Sir, for the Nation's Good; and a properer time cannot be found. Therefore I beg, my Lord, you will go on.

Crom. I have divided the Nation into twelve Parts, or Provinces; and over each Part I have assign'd one of you to govern with princely Authority; reserving to myself little more than the Right of determining Appeals; which Superiority is strictly necessary, to keep the Balance even.

Lamb.

106 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Lamb. This is a very good Model indeed, and worthy of the great Inventor.

Whal. No one, I hope, will dare to reject so profitable a Scheme as this is.

Ommes. We shall all agree to it.

Crom. I shall order every Gentleman's Commission, with the Title of Major-General of his particular District, to be drawn immediately. [Exit.]

Har. God save the Lord Protector! Huzza! Soldiers, to your Quarters. [Exeunt Soldiers.] This will be a handsome Reward, Gentlemen, for all your Labours, and afford as much Honour and Wealth as any reasonable Christian can desire.

Lamb. It will be a comfortable Cessation for all our past Troubles; and we shall rest in Peace, and be had in Reverence as so many Elders, or Princes of the People.

Har. These twelve Divisions of the Land, will answer to the twelve Tribes of *Israel*: Therefore, say unto the People, remember not former things, neither consider ye the Days of old; for, behold, a new Custom springeth forth, and ye shall know it, even as the River springeth from the Rock; we will pour Water upon him that is thirsty, and Floods upon the dry Ground; and the Land shall bring forth, and increase abundantly.

Lamb. 'Twill be necessary to inaugurate the Lord Protector in public; to notify his Election to the People, create a Reverence for his Person, and sanctify his Acts.

Whal. Most highly necessary: Therefore the sooner the better. So let the Solemnity begin to-morrow.

Har. Let us go hence.

Lamb. And lock up these Doors. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *A Tavern.*

*Seymour, Herbert, Butler, Sir Peter Wentworth, and
Sir Richard Willis, Cavaliers.*

Will. Come, my worthy Friends, to the pious Memory of the Royal Martyr.

Went. He shines ere now a glorious Saint in Heaven.

Sey. Curse and Confusion on the hellish Herd,
Whose sacrilegious Hands cou'd vilely dare
To sign the impious Warrant for his Murder :
Oh, with what calm Serenity he shone !
The Rays of Majesty struck with deep Awe
The fiendful bloody-minded Multitude ;
And kept him circl'd in his own bright Sphere ;
With Resignation to the Will of Heaven,
He smil'd, regardless, on the fatal Block ;
Forgave his Murderers, and dismay'd the Headsman,
Whose Cruelty recoil'd, and made him fear
To touch the Temples of the Lord's Anointed,
Till call'd to Action by the cheerful Prince.

Herb. There fell the greatest of our *English Kings* !
A Monarch, that deserv'd a better Fate,
Religious, learned, valiant, chaste and wise ;
But born to live in Care, and die unhappy.
So intricate thy ways, O Providence,
Which human Wisdom tries in vain to scan ;
But ever just and true ! — tho' he is gone
And Villain's triumph in his cruel Fall.

Sey. This to the pious Memory of the Martyr :
Fervently wishing it may prove my Poison,
If I at least attempt not fell Revenge
On some of his gigantic Murderers.

Herb. There's no plotting against *Cromwell* and his Crew,

Crew, who have the Devil for a Spy. For, excepting Mr. Seymour's Attempt to shoot the Master-Traitor, not one Contrivance has arriv'd half way to Maturity. Syndercomb's Plot, the Marquis of Ormond, the rising in the West, and every other Scheme has been crush'd in its Infancy. Seriously then I am afraid we have false Brethren among ourselves, and, unless we can find them out, shall never be able to do Execution.

[Drinks, and the rest do the same at Intervals.]

But. I dare almost swear, Mr. Herbert, for every one assembled now. But at other times, in a larger Company, I am apt to think, with you, we may possibly entertain a Traitor, or the deepest and the darkest of our Plots cou'd never thus have proved abortive.

Herb. Every thing for the future shall be manag'd by a few: A select Committee of trusty Members, who shall make their Report to one Principal; at whose Approbation shall be fix'd the exact time for putting our Designs in Execution.

Willis. That will be attended with insuperable Difficulties. For who will obey the Orders of that one? unless it be the King. And how shall one bring any Force together, without imparting it to many more, whose Assistance will be absolutely necessary for the perfecting of any Undertaking?

Sey. If Sir Richard Willis's Zeal, Courage and Loyalty, were not above Dispute, I shou'd have terrible Apprehensions of his Uniformity. To raise Doubts is to damp the Design. We must inspire our Friends, and not intimidate them; diminish Difficulties, rather than magnify them; or rather despise them all in so glorious an Attempt.

Will. Sir, we have had too many rash Attempts already. Attempts, that only fail'd for want of good

Digestion;

Digestion; and shall we, hoodwink'd, plunge into another?

Sey. Yes, if it bears a Prospect of Success.
It has been urg'd already, that all Efforts
Prove vain against the Art and Pow'r of *Cromwell*.
No matter, Sir, I think him still but mortal,
Howe'er the Devil at present may protect him;
And as we know the Devil seldom fails,
To leave his chief Disciples in the lurch,
We must, like Christian Heroes, persevere,
Till we have conquer'd even Hell and Him.

But. It may be done, nor will we yet despair;
And something now ev'n points out his Destruction.
The *Holstein* Duke, to gain no doubt his Friendship,
Has sent him o'er a Set of *Friesland* Mares;
In Shape and Aspect beautiful and mild,
But fierce in Nature as the *Libyan* Lion.
Their Keeper that came with them, is an honest Fellow,
And well attach'd to Royalty and Right;
Who has been manag'd to declare his Mares
Have got such generous and discerning Natures,
As only to be drove by generous Men.
Cromwell within this Hour to make Proof
Of their strange bearing, and his own Noblesse,
Will mount the Box and drive them round the Park.
In which Career, if we are well inform'd,
He must inevitably break his Neck;
Unless a Miracle, to spare the Gallows,
Shou'd interpose, and change his Destiny:
But, lest th' impetuous Madness of the Mares
Shou'd prove deficient for this fatal Purpose,
A Pistol will be slipt into his Pocket,
That may supply us with another Chance.

Will. Wild is your Project, as the Mares can be.

110 OLIVER CROMWELL.

A good Carbine, to shoot him on the Box,
By some good Marksman, wou'd give better Hopes,
And that shall be my Task. [Going.

Sey. Stay, Sir *Richard*, you must not leave us, till this Project is put in Execution. [Stopping him.

Will. I hope my Loyalty is not suspected.

Sey. No, Sir *Richard*, it is only a Whim, a positive Temper of mine.

Will. Your Whim is no Restriction, Sir, to me.
I wear a Sword, and will be stopp'd by none.

[Going to draw.

But. You must pardon us, Sir *Richard*; this Restraint is owing to a Resolution we came to, *Nemine contradicente*, just before you join'd us; and which, in proper time, shall be clear'd up to your Satisfaction.

Will. But I find myself ill, and must walk into the Air.

But. We will attend you, Sir *Richard*.

[*Exeunt all but Herbert and Wentworth.*

Herb. He is a Traitor, and his pressing thus
To leave us, was but to prevent this Plot.

Went. Yes, that was the true Meaning of his Haste,
To fire on *Cromwell* the bold Charioteer.

Alas, what Thistles over-run our Soil!
Who cou'd suspect the Faith of such a Man?
A Man so trusted, honour'd, and approv'd
By kingly Confidence: By Heav'n, I think
Our Royal Martyr lov'd him, and for this
Was he by all the Royalists caref'd.

Herb. I'm sorry to find a Cavalier so false.—But pray,
Sir *Peter Wentworth*, what do you think of this Report
of *Cromwell's* selling himself to the Devil?

Went. In short, Mr. *Herbert*, I think it a very idle Report: I have no Belief nor Conception of such sort of Bargains, or else the Man has Wickedness enough.

Herb.

Herb. I am told he's alter'd very much of late,
As if he fear'd some Power above himself:
That some Compunction now begins to peep,
And paints with Penitence the Gloom he wears.
Something of deep Concernment from within,
Speaks loud the wild Disorders of his Soul :
And, notwithstanding his Dissimulation,
His Care and Caution, to disguise his Crimes,
He has been lately overheard to broach
Most shocking Exclamations to himself ;
And 'tis no wonder, if we but consider
How much the Soul of Man's akin to Grace :
And tho' a while envelop'd, and deprest'd
By gross Carnality, and all its Lusts,
Near its Disunion from the fading Body,
It beams a Brightness like its pure Original,
And shews an arduous Longing to be free.

Went. Remorse was made to sting the guilty Wretch,
Whose Crimes are hidden from the World's Inspection.
With watchful Care it keeps his Eye-lids open,
Alarms his Peace, and terrifies his Fancy.
But as to *Cromwell*,
His Conscience, like the branded Malefactor's Hand,
Is fear'd and harden'd above all Impression.
Relentless as a Stone, he still continues
A senseless, stupid Atheist in disguise.
The Alteration that is seen in him,
Proceeds from Causes of another Kind ;
From something cross, and hostile to his Will,
Which he expects shou'd be obey'd like Fate.
But let us after this Sir *Richard Willis*,
Whom he has brib'd to bring us to Destruction,
And try to counterplot his Machinations.
For notwithstanding his refin'd Hypocrisy,

That

112 OLIVER CROMWELL.

That bears the counterfeited Stamp of Loyalty,
We'll find a Way to countermine his Craft.
If not, we'll have recourse to *Cromwell's* Method,
Apply the never-failing Force of Gold,
And drive out one Corruption by another. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *Whitehall.*

Cromwell and Ireton.

Iret. 'Tis said, my Lord, you're selfish, and design
To reap the Fruit of all the War alone :
And with the hated Signature of Kingship,
To bind your own ambitious Brows at last.

Crom. Whose Arrogance presumes to vent such Lies?
The Cause of Liberty, in which I've strove,
Will well acquit me from the Guilt of that.

Iret. Truths, like the Mid-day Sun, will not be hid :
Nor Thunder break the Air, and not be heard.
The Glare of Liberty, in which you shone,
And blinded all your faithful weak-ey'd Friends,
Is clouded now ; and they can see the Man.
I, more than any one, have been deceiv'd :
I thought you honest, humble and religious,
A Friend to Justice, and the Commonwealth ;
One like myself, that hated Pride and Tyranny,
And fought, and bled upon no other Principle.

Crom. Is this the Salutation of a Son ?
Go hence, and learn Obedience to a Father :
Thou Rebel to thy Chief ! For am not I
Thy Master, and superior Officer ?
Then whence proceeds this insolent Presumption,
That dares to challenge or asperse my Conduct ?

Iret. The honest Senators of *Rome* were equal,
And none but Villains e'er aspir'd to lord it :

Like

Like me, they hated Monarchy to Death,
And sacrific'd themselves, to keep their Freedom :
I am not blind to your ambitious Views ;
I know your Drift is to ingross the Crown ;
To reign despotic, and enslave the People :
But, ere I'll suffer such injurious Wrongs,
Such gross Abuse of popular Authority,
I'll sheath my Weapon in a Father's Bowels.

[Drawing his Sword.]

Crom. [Holds him.] Inhuman Monster ! Bloody-minded
Patricide !

To what a Precipice does Passion hurry thee !
Hot-headed, frantic Zealot, tell me whom
Thou think'st more worthy to command a Kingdom
Than him that conquer'd it ?

Iret. We all embark'd alike, with equal Fortune ;
You were but one Adventurer in the Lot,
And had Associates of equal Merit ;
Of equal Virtue, and of equal Valour :
Then where's the Claim of your Preeminence ?
'Tis true, we trusted you to be our Chief ;
Protector too : But does it therefore follow
That you must be our King ? Our Plague, our Tyrant ?
No. A King ! — I hate the very Name ;
The haughty Sound is irksom to my Ear !
I had much rather feel a Dagger's Point,
Than be tormented with the bare Idea.

Crom. My Confidence in you was wrongly plac'd :
I thought you faithful, and of some Affection,
And therefore trusted you, without Reserve ;
But find I am deceiv'd.

Iret. And know this too ;
I'm not without Accomplices herein :
Your Friends all back me, and await your Answer ;

L

And

114 OLIVER CROMWELL.

And are resolv'd to follow your Ascent,
And hurl you headlong from the hateful Step.

Crom. Alas, my Son, be calm, and hear my Words:
'Tis not for that dull Glory I contend ;
The little Lustre that a Crown emits
Affects not me ; howe'er you've been deceiv'd :
The brave and generous seek Rewards in Virtue,
And not in Fordid Gold, and sparkling Stones ;
Which Misers may possess in more abundance,
Without one Grain of Honesty or Merit :
But you're too bold, too careless of Decorum :
I'm yet your Father, Officer and Friend ;
To whom a decent Deference is due.

Iret. If for the publick Welfare, and yourself,
My heedless Zeal has broke the Bounds of Duty,
I kneel a Suppliant to obtain your Pardon.

Crom. As ready to forgive, as you to ask ;
Receive the Absolution you require :
But lest our Friends, from whom you were detach'd,
Shou'd ill Impressions from Surmises draw,
Return, and satisfy their fearful Doubts,
That I'm the same Republican I was :
And, notwithstanding my exalted Station,
That seems but one Degree below a Throne,
I've no Ambition, Avarice, or Pride ;
But still remain an honest, private Man.

Iret. I hope, my Lord, your Declaration's real ;
Yourself as firm as you were found at first,
When mountainous Oppression urg'd us on
To draw the Sword of Liberty and Justice :
Else I had rather you'd dispatch me here,
Than messenger me with so gross a Falshood.

Crom. By all that's sacred I will not be King :
With equal Rancour I abhor the Name :

The

OLIVER CROMWELL. 115

The Instruments of *Charles* wou'd put me on it,
On purpose to divide me from my Friends ;
But I'm too well acquainted with their Guile :
'Tis true, I listen'd with an open Organ,
And seem'd to countenance their glittering Scheme ;
But it was only to unlock their Hearts,
And find the Bottom of their deepest Secrets.

Iret. That gave your Friends Foundation for their Fear :
But if we've been mistaken in the Motive,
Our Zeal must make Atonement for the Wrong :
I'll fly to carry them the joyful Cure. [Exit.]

Crom. My Fate is foward, treacherous and severe :
Like one that sees a Treasure at his Feet ;
But being pinion'd, wants the Power to seize it,
And frets and gazes till the Day is spent :
But here comes one that will relieve my Care,
And ease the heavy Doubt that clogs my Soul.

Enter the Apparition.

App. Let not thy Daughter's crafty Husband, *Ireton*,
Dismay thee from thy noble, princely Purpose :
Maintain thy Port ; and be the Scourge of *Europe* ;
In spite of him, and all his rebel Friends.

Crom. Shall my Posterity enjoy the Dignity,
Which I shall leave them, to the end of Time ?

App. Succeed they will,—but not so long a Season :
A distant Shoot, from one of *Charles's* Sisters,
Renown'd for Wisdom, Justice and Religion,
Shall come from *Germany*, and mount the Throne,
Whose valiant Sons, and beauteous, virtuous Daughters,
Shall give the better half of *Europe* Kings ;
And rule this Island, till the end of Things. [Exit.]

Crom. When airy Beings speak of Things below,
They dress their Words in Shadows, like themselves :

116 OLIVER CROMWELL.

And as we're partial in our Application,
They leave Mankind but little more inform'd :
Howe'er, he bids me still pursue my Purpose,
Maintain my Power, and terrify the World :
I will obey.—And, like a hanging Rock,
Fall down and crush my Enemies to Atoms !
The Wretch, whose Clamour wou'd control his Lord,
Or dare to call his Conduct into Question,
Shall taste a sudden, unsuspected Death,
Without a Moment to call out on Mercy.

Thus, with Destruction amplify'd, I'll strike,
And punish Treachery Immortal-like :
The forked Dart, subservient to my Nod,
Shall blast the envious Traitors like a God !
My angry Arm shall deaf'ning Thunder throw,
And sink the Wretches into endless Woe. [Exeunt.



A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, Westminster - Hall.

The INAUGURATION.

Cromwell on a Throne with his Hat on; attended by the Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Judges, Barons, Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Recorder. The Speaker of the House of Commons, &c. and the Officers of the Army, bare-headed: Soldiers at a distance.

C R O M W E L L R i s i n g .

MY Lords and Gentlemen, I promise to maintain, inviolate, my own Power, and your Liberties; to support Religion, Justice, Truth and Equity; and I will not infringe, alter, nor abolish any of the useful Laws, Statutes, Customs, or Privileges of this Land, whose Rule and Governance you have now put into my hands. I will also endeavour to heal the Wounds of this sore and bleeding Nation, and procure Peace to the People: That those that serve the Author of all Goodness, and walk in his Way, may be blessed thereby, and find Rest. [Bows and sits down.]

The Commissioners deliver the Seal, the Lord Mayor the Sword and Cap to Cromwell, which he returns again: The rest of the Officers, &c. bowing Homage at the same time. After which the Soldiers shout.

118 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sold. Bless the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, France and Ireland! Bless the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

[*Exeunt Omnes.* In the following Order.

The Great Officers of State, Cromwell, Officers of the Army, Soldiers shouting, Long live the Protector, &c.

S C E N E, Palace-Yard.

Ludlow, Lambert and Harrison.

Lud. This Pomp, my Friends, was hastily advis'd,
Since Grandeur brings Concupiscence of Power :
Nor knows Ambition where to stay her Course :
Who sees not *Cromwell's* Drift, and dark Designs ?
Tho' hatch'd in Hell ; their Tendency is obvious :
For notwithstanding he has reach'd the Throne,
That envy'd, lofty, certain Seat of Kingship,
And needless made the formal Ceremony,
He'll never rest till he obtains the Crown,
And proves a greater Tyrant than the last.

Lamb. We saw the Error ; but 'twas past recall :
The Morning-Dawn deliver'd us a Truth,
As clear and certain as its own bright Birth ;
And much good Argument was thrown away,
To make Lord *Harrison* and me believe
That Words were only arbitrary Sounds :
That Crowns and Scepters were but void Utensils,
That rather follow'd, than confirm'd, Dominion :
That Ruler, Judge, Protector, King and General
Were all but Terms of equal Force and Meaning ;
Which any Governor, at will, might choose,
And suffer no Impairment by the Lot.

Lud. Who cou'd advance such Sophistry as that ?

Lamb.

OLIVER CROMWELL. 119

Lamb. No less a Person, Sir, than *Cromwell's* self.

Lud. Vile Artifice ! Is this the virtuous Man,
Whom Heav'n, in pity to a wounded People,
Bestow'd to heal, and vindicate their Rights !
He means no less than to be King forthwith.

Lamb. You've spoke his very Purpose and Design :
But we, when little he expected it,
Oppos'd, with Vigour, in our Country's Cause,
And vow'd to keep the Liberty w'had fought for :
At which, he sternly ask'd for my Commission,
And I, as boldly, threw it at his Feet.

Lud. 'Twas bravely done, and like thy freeborn self :
O my Friend *Lambert*, such another Villain
The Earth pollutes not with his baneful Shadow :
Perfidious Traitor, to thy Friends and Country !
Infatiate Monster of despotic Sway !
Scarce *Satan's* self, when he rebell'd in Heaven,
And dar'd to attack the Throne of the Supreme ;
Cou'd match thy impious and superb Presumption !
Whose thirst of Rule will sink thee to Perdition,
And make Hell blush at such superior Pride.

Har. O *Ludlow*, *Ludlow*, I am griev'd to see
The Vale of Wretchedness we're fallen into !
What Hazards we have run to gain the Goal,
And now must lose the precious Prize we strove for !
This publick Promise, to defend Religion,
And rule with Justice, Equity and Truth,
Is nothing but a Cheat, a dull Device
To gull the Nation, and to crown himself.

Lud. He cou'd not build his Edifice without it :
The Promises of base, designing Men,
When they're intrusted with a new Command,
Are Instruments of Art, like Saws and Hammers,
That serve for every mercenary Purpose :

120 OLIVER CROMWELL.

But, by this Arm, and by my Sword, I swear,
 He ne'er shall reach the gilded Cloud he grasps at :
 The Friends of Liberty espouse the Cause ;
 And, fir'd with just Resentment of their Wrongs,
 Indignant arm, to crush the haughty Tyrant,
 And shew the Rights that *Englishmen* are born to :
 Men were made equal, all the Sons of *Adam* ;
 And all his Heirs, in common, to the Earth :
 Then whence can any one pretend a Power
 To lord it o'er his less ambitious Brethren ?
 The Brutes, and Birds, and all the whole Creation,
 But Man, the principal of all, are free :
 Then what avails our Reason and our Faculties,
 By which we boast Distinction from the rest,
 Since they enjoy a perfect, boundless Freedom,
 And we are only Slaves to one another ?
 Kings were but chosen for the sake of Order ;
 To serve the People, for the People's sake ;
 To be the foremost in the time of Danger,
 And break the furious onset of the Foe :
 O happy *Rome*, with what a Gust I envy
 Thy generous Sentiments of Liberty !
 Thrice happy Country, where thy freeborn Sons
 Were train'd, and nurtur'd in such glorious Principles !
 With what an Ardour did their noble Virtue
 Exert its Power against the haughty *Tarquins* !
 With what becoming Fortitude they join'd
 To murder *Cæsar*, and support the State !

Lamb. Britons, who boast of Liberties as large,
 Despise base *Cromwell* more than *Rome* did *Cæsar* ;
 Whose sudden Fall now seems as necessary
 To save the sickly, tottering Commonwealth.

Har. To punish Pride, and crush the rising Tyrant,
 Are Works of Merit, in the Eyes of Heaven :

But

But to destroy the Prince of Tyranny,
Whose Pride exults in trampling o'er three Kingdoms;
Will be a glorious, never-dying Act,
And please the immortal, holy King of Grace!
Whose universal Monarchy we want,
And every Day, with joyful Longings, look for.

Lud. I doubt the Inspirations you're so fond of
Will fail both you, and all your zealous Friends:
The King, whose Glory's inaccessible,
Can dart a Beam, and rectify the World,
Without descending from his radiant Throne:
Let us no longer rest on Hopes so distant,
Or dare to think of Journeymen in Heaven:
Our Strength and Valour were bestow'd for something
Beyond the Ease and Idleness of Hope:

The Jews, deluded by Imagination
Of such Fore-knowledge, and peculiar Favour,
Are Marks of Folly, which, two thousand Years,
Aiming at Heaven, still inherits Air.—

So, let's proceed this Moment to dispatch him,
And pacify the Wrath of angry Heaven:
His Blood may expiate the Kingdom's Guilt,
And stay the Punishment our Sins deserve.

Lamb. This is the Crisis of his Destiny:
Now, drunk with Pomp, and giddy with his Grandeur,
His usual Caution idly basks in Sunshine:
His Jealousies and Fears are charm'd to sleep,
And dream of nought but splendid Happiness:
But now like Philip King of Macedonia,
Amidst his Triumphs is he doom'd to fall.

Lud. Damn'd Hypocrite! Dissembling, canting Villain!
This Wretch, with mocking the most High, has been
The zealous Trumpeter of Godliness:
And now regardless of his Friends, and Heaven,

Wou'd

122 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Wou'd bind his Brethren in the Chains of Slavery :
But I've a Pistol for his putrid Heart,
A cooling Bullet for his boiling Blood,
That, without giving Time for Penitence,
Shall send his unprepared Soul to Hell.

[Exeunt.]

Cromwell discover'd, sitting at a Table, reading Plutarch's
Lives. He shuts the Book.

Crom. Exact the Parallel in *Julius Cæsar*,
Who strove by all the Arts that Man cou'd climb,
Or Policy invent, to be a King !
But his unlucky Stars, like mine, oppos'd,
And stopt the Progress of the World's Dictator :
What signifies the Pomp I now have gain'd,
Deficient of that glorious, godlike Title,
Which only can asswage my Thirst of Power !
How wrongly did I wrest the dubious Sense
Of that infernal, doubtful Inspiration,
That, like the lying Oracles of old,
Misled me by a double Subterfuge !
Thus, partial to myself, I bore in Mind
The Scope and Tenor of the Spectre's Words,
Which told me I was pre-ordain'd to be
The greatest Man in *England* ere I dy'd :
Which, by an evil Error in Ideas,
I constru'd to be nothing less than King. —
True, I am now that Man, that greatest Man,
That keeps not only *England* in Obedience,
But all the Kings and Potentates in *Europe* :
My Thunder brings proud *Mazarine* to Reason,
And blocks the Harbours of the haughty *Spaniards* ;
Deters the *Dutch* from stirring out of Port,
And makes the *Pope* and Popery to tremble :
But yet these Honours, great as they appear,

Are

Are none to me.—not King, I have no Crown,
No outward sparkling Glory on my Brow,
To gild my Actions, and adorn my Annals,—
A Crown! no, never will it be my Lot.
My Family, and inmost Friends forbide it.
I must not think on't;—nor my Actions past:
Reflexion flings me farther on the Rack:
And like the Tiger, taken in the Toil,
The more I labour, I'm the more entangl'd.
Can there be Torture in another World,
More stinging than a guilty Mind in this?
A Conscience, burden'd with so many Crimes,
Finds Hell enough on Earth.—But why this Fear?
This baby Cowardise of Conscience,
That chills my Vitals like an Ague Fit!
'Tis but the Frailty of my dastard Flesh;
A shatter'd, crazy Tenement of Clay;
My Soul is Wildfire, not to be extinguish'd,
By the vain Terrors of Hereafter. No;
Let come what will, *Cromwell* shall stand prepar'd;
Be once again himself, and bid defiance
To all the shadowy Grounds of idle Fear.

Enter Ireton distracted.

Iret. Blood, Blood, Blood ! I will have Blood !
This is Claret, Boy, but I want Blood !
Where are the blustring Cavaliers,
The wicked Wights that want a King ?
The Rainbow rains, and runs a gallop !
My damn'd Lieutenant has got the Itch,
But I can cure't by praying ; ay, ay, that I can.
Are you a Royalist ? Save your Honour.
My Soul is sav'd by Sequestration :
See there, — it Lightens — Moonshine as blue as Blood !

Crom.

124 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Crom. What can this mean? Know'st thou me not,
my Son? —

Iret. Self-seeking Men, as red as any Rose!
Give me more Blood; I say, more Blood!
Hew 'em, hew 'em, down with 'em, Boys!

[Strikes the Air.]

My Wife's a Whore, and cannot speak.

Margery's mad, and I have but Eighteen Pence.—

O Bradshaw, the Cow gives Milk, instead of Blood!

[Runs off.]

After 'em, after 'em, I will have more Blood —

Crom. What a Misfortune's this! Alas, poor *Ireton*!
Few are my Friends, and fast they fall away,
Like Winter Apples on a windy Day.
This Life's a Summer Season, and no more;
An April Shower begins our Vegetation;
In May we bloom, and beautify the Earth
With one of Nature's greatest Curiosities;
In June we blow, and revel upon Sunshine;
Till July changes all our Flowers to Fruit:
In August we mature; September droop;
And mellow to Decay and Rottenness!

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Clay. O my good Lord,
My Brother *Ireton* has seen a Ghost!
A Ghost all bloody, like the late King *Charles*!
Whose dire Appearance has disturb'd his Brain,
And drove him into Madness. —

Crom. A Ghost! And like the late King *Charles*! —

Daughter,

I wou'd read.—Go fetch the *Crumbs of Comfort*.

Clay. I hope my Father's well.

Crom. A little aguish, that's all.—Go fetch the Book.

Clay.

Clay. 'Tis here, Sir.

[*Takes it out of a Chair, and presents it open'd.*

Crom. No, Child, it is no Matter. —

[*Waves it away with his Hand.*

My Eyes grow dim, and every Line looks double,
My Head is giddy, and my Knee-bones knock :
A heavy, foggy, Atmosphere surrounds me,
That clogs my Spirits, and retards their Motion.
I'm ill all over.

Clay. Shall I send for the Doctor, Sir?

Who waits there? Quickly, quickly. [mend apace.

Crom. No, Daughter, no; I'll have no Doctor. I

Clay. Y'had better lose a little Blood, my Lord.

Crom. O name it not, you make me worse.

I've lost too much of that, my Child, already.

The *Meer of Whittlesea* wou'd scarce contain

The Blood I've lost in Waste and Wantonness.

Where is your Mother?

Clay. I left her in her own Apartment.

I'll send her Notice you require her Presence. [Going.

Crom. O leave me not; I wou'd not be alone. —

O my dear Daughter, heavy sit my Crimes. —

Clay. Confess to Heav'n, and try the Judge's Mercy.

Your Guilt, tho' great, may find a Counterpoise,

In him who suffer'd for the World's Salvation :

Since there's more Joy for one repenting Sinner

Than ninety nine of those we call the Just.

Crom. Oh, it is now too late; I'm too far gone.

The impious Power that has so long misled me,

Now thwarts my Aptitude for pious Acts,

And makes my Mind insensible to Goodnes.

Alas, thou think'st, like superstitious Bigots,

Omnipotence, if warmly pres'd and pray'd to,

Must needs forgive, as oft as we offend :

No,

126 OLIVER CROMWELL.

No, my Sins are such as not to be forgiv'n:

Clay. —The Mercy, Sir, of Heav'n is infinite,
Consid'ring well the Frailty of Mankind,
And making large Allowances for Nature.
Be comforted, good Sir—See, who comes here?

Enter Mrs. Cromwell, Henry Cromwell, and Goodwin.

My Brother *Henry* from *Ireland*!

H. Crom. Sir, your Blessing.

Crom. Thou shar'st a Father's best Benevolence:
But Blessings come from better Beings, Son.
I'm glad to see you.

Clay. My Father is not well. His Mind's disturb'd.—
Brother, you are welcome to *England*.

H. Crom. I thank you, Sister. [your Father?]

Mrs. Crom. Pray, Daughter, what's the matter with

Clay. My Heart's too heavy, Madam, now to tell you.
He is, I doubt, as wretched as we fea't'd. [Weeps.]

Mrs. Crom. How is it, my Dear?

Crom. A Heaviness, like Lead, hangs round my Heart,
And tells me I have little Time to live;
Therefore wou'd willingly see all my Family,
Before I leave this transitory World.

But grieve not at my unexpected Death,
Our Dissolution must come soon or late;
I've made my Will, and settl'd my Affairs,
Against this fatal, final, bitter Day.— [Wife,

Mrs. Crom. Such Words are wounding to a tender
Whose sole Existence is wrapp'd up in thine.
But I have Hopes this desp'rare Apprehension
Proceeds from some Disorder of the Mind,
Which Chearfulness and Prayer will quickly cure.

Good. I hope your Highness won't so soon be happy;
Nor we, your People, so soon desolate.

OLIVER CROMWELL. 127

It cannot be!

The Lard has weighty Work for you to do ;
And will not take you to himself, before
Thou hast accomplish'd his all-wise Designis.

Crom. Away, thou Babler, with thy fulsom Flattery.—
I've done with Villains of thy holy Cast.
Go home, unmask, and view thy proper Self ;
A Composition of Impiety and Falshood.

Mrs. Crom. What can this mean ?
Why, Master *Goodwin* is a godly Man,
And prays for our Prosperity, my Dear.

Crom. Take him away.—But hold :

[Takes hold of *Goodwin*.]

Come hither, Chaplain, can you lay the Devil ?

Good. I, I, lay the Devil, my Lord ! No, my Lord,
I'm no Conjurer. Pray let me go.

Crom. No, no, stay.
With liberal Hand I've paid you long for nothing ;
Now you must labour, and deserve your Wages.
You've told the Brethren often in your Sermons,
That you cou'd chain up Satan, like a Mastiff,
And let him loose on Sinners, like a Bull-dog.
Your Excellence therein must now be try'd ;
Since he will presently be here in Person,
Arm'd at all Points, to try a Fall with some one,
So gird your Loins, and fetter up the Fiend ;
Or else by *Beelzebub*, the Prince of Hell,
The triple-headed Dog, that guards the Gates,
Shall take you to his Den, instead of me.

Good. O Blasphemy ! Fy, fy, my Lord !
How will the Wicked triumph, when they hear this !
Tell it not in *Gath*, nor publish it in *Ascalon*,
Lest the Daughters of the *Philistines* rejoice.
How is the mighty fallen !

Our

128 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Our high Priest is fallen from his high Places!

Crom. Here, Harris,

Take this frantic Fellow to Bedlam. [Pushes him off.

Mrs. Crom. Be patient, Love; consider whom you smite;
The Man's not mad, but gifted, and inspir'd:
A chosen Vessel; chief among the Elect;
To guide the Footsteps of the Faithful,
We, more than all the Land beside,
Are much beholden to his holy Labours;
His pious Breathings, wholsom Exhortations,
His Watching, Fasting, Agonies, and Sweat:
But to his fervent Prayers, a great deal more.

Crom. I find you are deceiv'd in my Condition;
I can no more be help'd by Prayer, ev'n yours,
Than lab'ring *Luna* by the Sound of Cornets:
Besides, this Man's a Hypocrite, loves Money and is lewd,
And vends Devotion but to serve himself.

Mrs. Crom. Oh how profane and impiously you talk!
You, that cou'd pray, and preach whole Days yourself!
With what Irreverence do you now defame
Your Minister, and with Injustice spurn
The willing Labourer from his Master's Vineyard!
'Tis highly wicked to abuse the godly;
And sinful, sure, to persecute the Saints.

[Henry Cromwell, and Mrs. Claypole, talk in dumb Shew.]

Crom. Woman, no more, these Discords grate my Ears,
And fill my Mind with Madness and the Spleen.
I've nothing now to do with Saints or Sinners;
My own Destruction is Concern enough;
Your Presence I desir'd for other Ends;
To take a last Farewel.—For know, my Dear,
My Sands are few, and fast they hurry on,
To boundless, terrible Eternity!
What will be there, surpasses all Conception.

Oh,

OLIVER CROMWELL. 129

Oh, it is dreadful, even to think upon't :

But what are Thoughts to what the damn'd must feel ?

Mrs. Crom. But that I hope will never be your Lot.

Crom. As vainly you may hope to change the Seasons,
And make the Hawthorn flower in *December* :

I tell thee, once again, I'm damn'd, damn'd, damn'd !

And all the Saints in Heav'n cannot save me :

Ten thousand hellish Fiends, like swarming Bees,
Sit cluster'd round, to sting and to destroy me : [Thunder.

Do you hear that ! My End is coming on ;

These Storms are Harbingers of Hell's Approach,
And my inevitable Dissolution.

Oh, wou'd some Mountain, of enormous Size,

Now kindly yawn, and hug me in its Bosom !

Gladly I'd bear the massy Weight, to shun

The heavenly Vengeance, and its Prison, Hell.

Enter Richard Cromwell and Whitelock.

R. Crom. Bless us, what frightful Weather 'tis abroad !

It rains, and blows, and hails, and thunders,

As if the Heavens were coming on our Heads,

To crush Mankind, in Vengeance of their Folly !

The Winds, with bursting Cheeks, opposing meet,

And rage in Hurricanes, without Control !

The Park is full of Trees, whose Trunks lie flat,

And shew a mangl'd Bush at either End !

The Streets are full of Chimnies, Tiles and Signs,

And Mortals maim'd and murder'd by their Fall !

The Lead, from Churches torn, upheld by Air,

Keeps hovering, in its fall, like Sheets of Paper !

Sure such a Night was never seen before !

Whatever it portends, Heav'n's Will be done :

But say, how does my Father ? — Save him, Heav'n.

Whit. I'm sorry, Sir, to hear your Highness is so ill :

130 OLIVER CROMWELL.

Your mournful Council have deputed me
To bring the Compliments of their Concern ;
And beg, for fear your Highness shou'd be worse,
You'd name a worthy Successor. — [him with you:

Crom. My good Friend *Whitelock*, you have brought
Richard, my eldest Son, the Lot of Providence :
But what have I to do with *England's* Regency ;
Who, now, am going off its worthless Stage ?
Oh, had I formerly been rul'd by you,
And timely lopp'd the Limbs of my Ambition,
This wretched Trunk might still have stood secure,
And dar'd the feeble Force of empty Blasts.

Clay. O Sir, compose your Mind, and try to pray ;
Ask Heav'n Forgiveness, and you'll sure find Mercy :
Mercy, the darling Attribute above,
Was made to mollify the Edge of Justice,
And blunt the Rigour of its pointed Sword :
But whilst you persevere in this Despair,
You bar the Door against the Beams of Blessednes.

Crom. I cannot pray, nor even think on Mercy :
The great Deluder of my Hopes stands there, [*They all start.*]
And frowns tremendous at your Exhortation.

Clay. There ! Where ? I see nothing. ▾

Mrs. Crom. Nor I.

Omnis. Nor I.

Crom. No ! Surprising ! See nothing ! — Oh it's gone :

[*Turning.*]

But lo it comes again. —

Look yonder, and behold its ugly Aspect !
The grim Companion, that in frightful Form
Pursues my trembling Footsteps Night and Day,
And fills up all my Intervals of Thought !

Now, with fierce Looks, he beckons, and retires ;
And I must follow him : I must, I must. [*Trembles.*]

H. Crom.

OLIVER CROMWELL. 131

H. Crom. My Lord, you are ill, accept of our Support.

[Holds Cromwell.

Mrs. Crom. Hold him, my Son, he grows delirious.
Son Richard! [Richard holds Cromwell by the other Arm.

Whit. His Illness preys upon his Imagination,
And wild Vertigo traverses his Brain,
And shapes strange Images, by Force of Fancy!
His Safety much depends upon Restraint;
A constant Guard to keep him from Mishaps,
Or running headlong on destructive Errors.

Crom. Unhand me—both of you! [He breaks from 'em.
My Senses labour under no Distemper;
My Brains and Body are entirely sound:
But, oh, my trusty Friend, with Grief I speak it,
My Soul, a Monster of infernal Origin,
Is rottener than the stalest Putrefaction,
And never, never can be healthy more.

Whit. The Ills of Life hang heavy on us all:
We feel Disquietude a thousand Ways:
We're born with Seeds of Sickness, and of Sorrow;
And all Infirmities spring up with Manhood:
Our Consolation is, to bear with Patience;
And try to smooth those Rubs we can't remove:
The Prince, and Peasant, have a Lot alike;
But bear their Harms with different Deportment:
And suffering Heroes more display their Virtue,
Than, actively, they can do, crown'd with Conquest:
This Fortune tries the Force of Fortitude.

Crom. Your Words are Musick, to a Mind at easo;
But feel my Feeling, and conceive my Fears,
And you'll soon preach a new Philosophy: [Thunder.
See there, [Pointing.
My fierce Destroyer comes again,
And shakes his sable Tresses at my Stay!



132 OLIVER CROMWELL.

A little longer, and I'll meet my Fate.—
How much less wretched is the dying Criminal,
Whose Expectations paint him a Reprieve!
Backward he looks, to find the wish'd Express,
And cheers at every speedy Horse he sees:
The flattering Ken immerge his Concern,
Drives the dread Thought and pleases him a while,
With self-deluding Hopes:—But I have none!—
Despair, Damnation, Tortures and Eternity,
Ingross my Reason, and pierce every Sense.
Oh, where's the Fortitude I us'd to boast of,
When Deaths, like Hail-stones, flew around my Head:
The cool intrepid Courage I was prais'd for,
By fawning, lying, preaching Sycophants!
Farewel, my Wife, my Children, and my Friends.
My Fate is urgent, and admits no more. [Thunder.]

Mrs. Crom. Oh, I will hold you, yes, for ever hold you!

[*Mrs. Cromwell and Mrs. Claypole hold the Protector.*
No sublunary Power shall disunite us.—
Secure, in virtuous Innocence, I'll dare
The Force of those Infernals you're afraid of.

Crom. Oh, you will hurt yourselves.—My Wife!
My Daughter!

Clay. Heaven will protect us, and defeat the Rage
Of Beelzebub, and all his fiery Band:
A virtuous Wife and Daughter, are your Guard,
Of no small Pow'r against the Fiend below;
Nor little Interest, we hope, above.

Crom. O name not any Thing above, I pray;
You grate my Memory, and increase my Woe,
I wou'd not think upon the Lot I've lost.

Clay. If you wou'd shun the bottomless Abyss,
And pacify the Wrath of injur'd Heav'n,
Your Thoughts must be continually thereon.

Yet

Yet Thoughts alone, will never be sufficient,—
A stedfast Trust, Contrition, Faith, and Prayer,
May mitigate the Pains your Sins deserve,
And gain the precious Favour of kind Heav'n.

Crom. Name it no more, you almost make me mad.

I can't repent, and have no hope in Heav'n;

I'm damn'd, and was so ere the World began :

And who can alter the Decrees of Fate?

I shou'd be willing, oh, extremely glad,

To suffer any temporary Penance,

If Pains or Penance cou'd excuse my Guilt :

But, shou'd I pray, what Pow'r on high wou'd hear me?

What Words cou'd I affort to move th' Almighty?

Murder's a Blot of deepest blackest Dye,

That shocks Humanity, incenses Heav'n,

And by the Evidence of Conscience,

Dooms the foul Murderer to eternal Woe:

But what's the Murder of a single Mortal,

To that of thousands, sacrific'd by me,

To please Ambition, Avarice and Hell!

[hear you.

Mrs. Crom. Begin to pray, and Heav'n, I hope, will

Crom. Urge it no more, I must not, cannot pray;

Nor scarcely dare to cast my Eye-lids upwards :

Th' avenging Bolt, suspended by a Hair,

With strong Vibrations urges to be free,

To blast the impious, unrepenting Wretch,

Whose many Murders have consum'd Mankind,

And made strong Effort to forbid them Heav'n!

O hold me fast, yet interpose a while ;

Be Intercessors for the Stay of Justice :

The Mean of Mercy, in respect to you,

May grant a short-liv'd respite to Distress,

And cheer Affliction with the Beams of Grace.—

Oh! ho, the Executioner appears,

And

34 OLIVER CROMWELL.

And, frowning horridly, demands my Soul,
O pray, pray for me, ere it is too late,
I'm tortur'd to Distraction with Despair,
Hopeless, and half in Hell, already.—Yet,—
O, I will say, in spite of all the Devils,—
Save me, ye blessed Pow'rs above! O save me,
Thou, whose Omnipotence no limit knows,
Extend thy Mercies to a Wretch in Hell!—
O, my sick Soul!—it freezes—now it burns;—
And weary of the World, wou'd fain ascend;
But Pressures vast oppose its clouded Flight,
And sink the sinful Plummet to Perdition—
Away, thou Fiend,—thou primitive Destroyer,
That robb'd Mankind, in his delightful Spring,
Of Peace, and Paradise, and Immortality!—
Frown on, Seducer, for I fear thee not,
These are my undefil'd Protectors: These
My pure, unspotted Guardian Angels.—
But, oh! he comes, he comes!—Save me, save me!
I beseech you save me! Oh I am lost!
Am lost, for ever lost! [He dies.] [Women shriek.]

Mrs. Crom. The Lard be merciful unto us all!

Omnis. Amen, Amen.

Whit. Thus reigns Ambition, for a while, on Earth,
And robs Mankind of what they claim by Birth:
Thus lives the Mortal, whose aspiring Mind
Is restless to command all human Kind!
But see, what Cares and Agonies attend
His painful, busy Life, and latter End.
His Pomp already is reduc'd to Dust,
And ev'n the Brightness of his Name will rust:
By which this useful Lesson we may know,
That all is Trash we treasure up below. [Exeunt.]